THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES THOMSON.

WITH HIS LAST

CORRECTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

FROM THE ROYAL QUARTO EDITION OF 1762.

He wants no advocate his cauſe to plead;
You will yourſelves be patrons of the dead.
No party his benevolence confin'd,
No ſect—alike it flow'd to all mankind.—
Such was the Man—the Poet well you know;
Oft has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe:—
For his chaſte Muſe employ'd her heav'n-taught lyre,
None but the nobleſt paſſions to inſpire:
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wiſh to blot.—

PROL. TO CORIOL.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY Fry AND Couchman, MOORFIELDS.
Anno 1787.

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OF

JAMES THOMSON.

8856

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

SEASONS,

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

VIZ.

SPRING, AUTUMN,

SUMMER, WINTER.

These, as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.—
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent.—
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown! tempest o'er tempest roll'd! &c.

HYMN.

LONDON:

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THE LIFE OF

JAMES THOMSON.

It is commonly ſaid that the life of a good writer is beſt read in his works, which can ſcarce fail to receive a peculiar tincture from his temper, manners, and habits: the diſtinguiſhing character of his mind, his ruling paſſion, at leaſt, will there appear undiſguiſed. But however juſt this obſervation may be, and altho' we might ſafely reſt Mr. Thomſon's fame as a good man, as well as a man of genius, on this ſole footing, yet the deſire which the public always ſhews of being more particularly acquainted with the hiſtory of an eminent author ought not to be diſappointed, as it proceeds not from mere curioſity, but chiefly from affection and gratitude to thoſe by whom they have been entertained and inſtructed.

To give ſome account of a deceaſed friend is often a piece of juſtice, likewiſe, which ought not to be refuſed to his memory, to prevent or efface the impertinent fictions which officious biographers are ſo apt to collect and propagate: and we may add, that the circumſtances of an author's life will ſometimes throw the beſt light upon his writings, inſtances whereof we ſhall meet with in the following pages.

Mr. Thomſon was born at Ednam, in the ſhire of Roxburgh, on the 11th of September, in the year 1700. His father, miniſter of that place, was but little known

beyond the narrow circle of his co-presbyters, and to a few gentlemen in the neighbourhood, but highly respected by them for his piety and his diligence in the pastoral duty, as appeared afterwards in their kind offices to his widow and orphan family.

The reverend Messrs. Riccarton and Gusthart particularly, took a most affectionate and friendly part in all their concerns. The former, a man of uncommon penetration and good taste, had very early discovered, through the rudeness of young Thomson's puerile essays, a fund of genius well deserving culture and encouragement: he undertook, therefore, with the father's approbation, the chief direction of his studies, furnished him with the proper books, corrected his performances, and was daily rewarded with the pleasure of seeing his labour so happily employed.

The other reverend gentleman, Mr. Gusthart, who is still living *, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and senior of the Chapel-Royal, was no less serviceable to Mrs. Thomson in the management of her little affairs, which, after the decease of her husband, burdened as she was with a family of nine children, required the prudent counsels and assistance of that faithful and generous friend.

Sir William Bennet likewise, well known for his gay humour and ready poetical wit, was highly delighted with our young Poet, and used to invite him to pass

* This life was first published in the year 1762.

the ſummer vacation at his country-ſeat, a ſcene of life which Mr. Thomſon always remembered with particular pleaſure: but what he wrote during that time, either to entertain Sir William and Mr. Riccarton, or for his own amuſement, he deſtroyed every new-year's day, committing his little pieces to the flames in their due order, and crowning the ſolemnity with a copy of verſes, in which were humourouſly recited the ſeveral grounds of their condemnation.

After the uſual courſe of ſchool education, under an able maſter at Jedburgh, Mr. Thomſon was ſent to the Univerſity of Edinburgh: but in the ſecond year of his admiſſion, his ſtudies were for ſome time interrupted by the death of his father, who was carried off ſo ſuddenly, that it was not poſſible for Mr. Thomſon, with all the diligence he could uſe, to receive his laſt bleſſing. This affected him to an uncommon degree, and his relations ſtill remember ſome extraordinary inſtances of his grief and filial duty on that occaſion.

Mrs. Thomſon, whoſe maiden name was Hume, and who was co-heireſs of a ſmall eſtate in the country, did not ſink under this misfortune. She conſulted her friend Mr. Guſthart, and having, by his advice, mortgaged her moiety of the farm, repaired with her family to Edinburgh, where ſhe lived in a frugal decent manner, till her favourite ſon had not only finiſhed his academical courſe, but was even diſtinguiſhed and patronized as a man of genius. She was, herſelf, a

perſon of uncommon natural endowments, poſſeſſed of every ſocial and domeſtic virtue, with an imagination for vivacity and warmth ſcarce inferior to her ſon's, and which raiſed her devotional exerciſes to a pitch bordering on enthuſiaſm.

But whatever advantage Mr. Thomſon might derive from the complexion of his parent, it is certain he owed much to a religious education; and that his early acquaintance with the Sacred Writings contributed greatly to that ſublime by which his works will be for ever diſtinguiſhed. In his firſt pieces, the Seaſons, we ſee him at once aſſume the majeſtic freedom of an Eaſtern writer, ſeizing the grand images as they riſe, clothing them in his own expreſſive language, and preſerving, throughout, the grace, the variety, and the dignity, which belong to a juſt compoſition, unhurt by the ſtiffneſs of formal method.

About this time the ſtudy of poetry was become general in Scotland, the beſt Engliſh authors being univerſally read, and imitations of them attempted. Addiſon had lately diſplayed the beauties of Milton's immortal work, and his Remarks on it, together with Mr. Pope's celebrated Eſſay, had opened the way to an acquaintance with the beſt poets and critics.

But the moſt learned critic is not always the beſt judge of poetry, taſte being a gift of Nature, the want of which Ariſtotle and Boſſu cannot ſupply, nor even the ſtudy of the beſt originals, when the reader's fa-

culties are not tuned in a certain conſonance to thoſe of the poet; and this happened to be the caſe with certain learned gentlemen into whoſe hands a few of Mr. Thomſon's firſt eſſays had fallen. Some inaccuracies of ſtyle, and thoſe luxuriancies which a young writer can hardly avoid, lay open to their cavils and cenſure; ſo far, indeed, they might be competent judges, but the fire and enthuſiaſm of the poet had entirely eſcaped their notice. Mr. Thomſon, however, conſcious of his own ſtrength, was not diſcouraged by this treatment, eſpecially as he had ſome friends, on whoſe judgment he could better rely, and who thought very differently of his performances: only, from that time, he began to turn his views towards London, where works of genius may always expect a candid reception and due encouragement; and an accident ſoon after entirely determined him to try his fortune there.

The divinity chair at Edinburgh was then filled by the reverend and learned Mr. Hamilton, a gentleman univerſally reſpected and beloved, and who had particularly endeared himſelf to the young divines under his care by his kind offices, his candour and affability. Our Author had attended his lectures for about a year, when there was preſcribed to him, for the ſubject of an exerciſe, a pſalm in which the power and majeſty of God are celebrated. Of this pſalm he gave a paraphraſe and illuſtration, as the nature of the exerciſe required,

but in a ſtyle ſo highly poetical as ſurpriſed the whole audience. Mr. Hamilton, as his cuſtom was, complimented the orator upon his performance, and pointed out to the ſtudents the moſt maſterly ſtriking parts of it; but at laſt, turning to Mr. Thomſon, he told him, ſmiling, that if he thought of being uſeful in the miniſtry, he muſt keep a ſtricter rein upon his imagination, and expreſs himſelf in language more intelligible to an ordinary congregation.

This gave Mr. Thomſon to underſtand, that his expectations from the ſtudy of theology might be very precarious, even though the Church had been more his free choice than probably it was: ſo that having, ſoon after, received ſome encouragement from a lady of quality, a friend of his mother's, then in London, he quickly prepared himſelf for his journey: and although this encouragement ended in nothing beneficial, it ſerved, for the preſent, as a good pretext, to cover the imprudence of committing himſelf to the wide world, unfriended and unpatronized, and with the ſlender ſtock of money he was then poſſeſſed of.

But his merit did not long lie concealed. Mr. Forbes, afterwards Lord Preſident of the Seſſion, then attending the ſervice of Parliament, having ſeen a ſpecimen of Mr. Thomſon's poetry in Scotland, received him very kindly, and recommended him to ſome of his friends, particularly to Mr. Aikman, who lived in great

intimacy with many perſons of diſtinguiſhed rank and worth. This gentleman, from a connoiſſeur in painting, was become a profeſſed painter; and his taſte being no leſs juſt and delicate in the kindred art of deſcriptive poetry than in his own, no wonder that he ſoon conceived a friendſhip for our Author. What a warm return he met with, and how Mr. Thomſon was affected by his friend's premature death, appears in the copy of verſes which he wrote on that occaſion.

In the mean time our Author's reception, wherever he was introduced, emboldened him to riſque the publication of his Winter; in which, as he himſelf was a mere novice in ſuch matters, he was kindly aſſiſted by Mr. Mallet, then private tutor to his Grace the Duke of Montroſe, and his brother the Lord George Graham, ſo well known afterwards as an able and gallant ſea-officer. To Mr. Mallet he likewiſe owed his firſt acquaintance with ſeveral of the wits of that time, an exact information of their characters, perſonal and poetical, and how they ſtood affected to each other.

The poem of Winter, publiſhed in March 1726, was no ſooner read than univerſally admired, thoſe only excepted who had not been uſed to feel or to look for any thing in poetry beyond a point of ſatirical or epigrammatic wit, a ſmart antitheſis richly trimmed with rhyme, or the ſoftneſs of an elegiac complaint. To ſuch

his manly claſſical ſpirit could not readily recommend itſelf, till, after a more attentive peruſal, they had got the better of their prejudices, and either acquired or affected a truer taſte. A few others ſtood aloof, merely becauſe they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and reſigned themſelves to an abſolute deſpair of ever ſeeing any thing new and original. Theſe were ſomewhat mortified to find their notions diſturbed by the appearance of a Poet, who ſeemed to owe nothing but to Nature and his own genius: but, in a ſhort time, the applauſe became unanimous, every one wondering how ſo many pictures, and pictures ſo familiar, ſhould have moved them but faintly to what they felt in his deſcriptions. His digreſſions, too, the overflowings of a tender benevolent heart, charmed the reader no leſs, leaving him in doubt whether he ſhould more admire the Poet or love the Man.

From that time Mr. Thomſon's acquaintance was courted by all men of taſte, and ſeveral ladies of high rank and diſtinction became his declared patroneſſes; the Counteſs of Hertford, Miſs Drelincourt, afterwards Viſcounteſs Primroſe, Mrs. Stanley, and others. But the chief happineſs which his Winter procured him was, that it brought him acquainted with Dr. Rundle, afterwards Lord Biſhop of Derry, who, upon converſing with Mr. Thomſon, and finding in him qualities greater ſtill, and of more value, than thoſe of

a poet, received him into his intimate confidence and friendſhip, promoted his character every where, introduced him to his great friend the Lord Chancellor Talbot, and, ſome years after, when the eldeſt ſon of that nobleman was to make his tour of travelling, recommended Mr. Thomſon as a proper companion for him. His affection and gratitude to Dr. Rundle, and his indignation at the treatment that worthy prelate had met with, are finely expreſſed in his poem to the Memory of Lord Talbot. The true cauſe of that undeſerved treatment has been ſecreted from the public, as well as the dark manœuvres that were employed; but Mr. Thomſon, who had acceſs to the beſt information, places it to the account of

——Slanderous zeal, and politics infirm,
Jealous of worth.——

Mean while our Poet's chief care had been, in return for the public favour, to finiſh the plan which their wiſhes laid out for him; and the expectations which his Winter had raiſed were fully ſatisfied by the ſucceſſive publication of the other Seaſons; of Summer in the year 1727, of Spring in the beginning of the following year, and of Autumn in a quarto edition of his works printed in 1730.

In that edition the Seaſons are placed in their natural order, and crowned with that inimitable Hymn, in which we view them in their beautiful ſucceſſion, as one whole, the immediate effect of infinite power

and goodneſs. In imitation of the Hebrew bard, all Nature is called forth to do homage to the Creator, and the reader is left enraptured in ſilent adoration and praiſe *.

* Excellent as the works of Mr. Thomſon are, it is remarkable that there has not been any conſiderable criticiſm on his merits and character; and therefore we will take the liberty of tranſcribing, pretty largely, from an ingenious and elegant writer (*Eſſay on the writings and genius of Pope*), who is the only one we know of that has ſpoken particularly to them; "It would be "unpardonable," ſays he, "to conclude theſe Remarks on deſcriptive poetry, without taking notice of the *Seaſons* of "Thomſon, who had peculiar and powerful talents for this ſpecies of compoſition. Thomſon was bleſſed with a ſtrong and "copious fancy; he hath enriched poetry with a variety of new "and original images which he painted from Nature itſelf, and "from his own actual obſervations: his deſcriptions have, therefore, a diſtinctneſs and truth which are utterly wanting to "thoſe of poets who have only copied from each other, and "have never looked abroad on the objects themſelves. Thomſon "was accuſtomed to wander away into the country for days and "for weeks, attentive to each rural ſight, each rural ſound; "while many a poet, who has dwelt for years in the Strand, has "attempted to deſcribe fields and rivers, and generally ſucceeded "accordingly. Hence that nauſeous repetition of the ſame circumſtances; hence that diſguſting impropriety of introducing "what may be called a ſet of hereditary images, without proper "regard to the age, or climate, or occaſion, in which they were "formerly uſed. Though the diction of the *Seaſons* is ſometimes "harſh and inharmonious, and ſometimes turgid and obſcure; "and though, in many inſtances, the numbers are not ſufficiently "diverſified by different pauſes, yet is this Poem on the whole, "from the numberleſs ſtrokes of Nature in which it abounds, "one of the moſt captivating and amuſing in our language; and "which, as its beauties are not of a fugacious kind, as depending on particular cuſtoms and manners, will ever be peruſed "with delight. The ſcenes of Thomſon are frequently as wild "and romantic as thoſe of Salvator Roſa, pleaſingly varied with "precipices, and torrents, and caſtled cliffs, and deep vallies, "with piny mountains, and the gloomieſt caverns. Innumerable are the little circumſtances in his deſcriptions, totally

Beſides theſe, and his tragedy of Sophoniſba, written and acted with applauſe in the year 1729, Mr. Thomſon had, in 1727, publiſhed his poem to the Memory of Sir Iſaac Newton, then lately deceaſed,

" unobſerved by all his predeceſſors. What poet hath ever taken
" notice of the leaf, that towards the end of the autumn,

" Inceſſant ruſtles from the mournful grove,
" Oft' ſtartling ſuch as, ſtudious, walk below,
" And ſlowly circles thro' the waving air?

" Or who, in ſpeaking of a ſummer evening, hath ever mentioned,

" The quail that clamours for his running mate?

" Or the following natural image, at the ſame time of the year?

" Wide o'er the thiſtly lawn, as ſwells the breeze,
" A whitening ſhower of vegetable down
" Amuſive floats.

" Where do we find the ſilence and expectation that precedes an April ſhower inſiſted on, as in ver. 165. of Spring? or where

" The ſtealing ſhower is ſcarce to patter heard
" By ſuch as wander thro' the foreſt walks,
" Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.

" How full, particular, and picturesque, is this aſſemblage of circumſtances that attend a very keen froſt in a night of winter!

" Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
" A double noiſe; while at his evening watch
" The village dog deters the nightly thief:
" The heifer lows; the diſtant water-fall
" Swells in the breeze; and with the haſty tread
" Of traveller, the hollow ſounding plain
" Shakes from afar.

" In no one ſubject are common poets more confuſed and unmeaning, than in their deſcription of rivers, which are generally ſaid only to wind and to murmur, while their qualities and courſes are ſeldom accurately marked: examine the exactneſs of the enſuing deſcription, and conſider what a perfect idea it communicates to the mind;

containing a deserved encomium of that incomparable man, with an account of his chief discoveries; sublimely poetical, and yet so just, that an ingenious foreigner, the Count Algarotti, takes a line of it for

" Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along
" The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
" Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
" Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
" Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain,
" A various group the herds and flocks compose,
" Rural confusion!

" A group worthy the pencil of Giacomo de Bassano, and " so minutely delineated, that he might have worked from " this sketch;

" on the grassy bank
" Some ruminating lie; while others stand
" Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
" The circling surface.

" He adds, that the ox, in the middle of them,

" from his sides
" The troublous insects lashes, to his sides
" Returning still.

" A natural circumstance, that, to the best of my remembrance, " hath escaped even the natural Theocritus. Nor do I recollect " that any poet hath been struck with the murmurs of the num- " berless insects that swarm abroad at the noon of a summer's " day; as attendants of the evening, indeed, they have been " mentioned:

" Resounds the living surface of the ground;
" Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
" To him who muses thro' the woods at noon,
" Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd
" With half-shut eyes.

" But the novelty and nature we admire in the descriptions " of Thomson, is by no means his only excellence: he is " equally to be praised for impressing on our minds the effects " which the scene delineated would have on the present spectator " or hearer. Thus having spoken of the roaring of the savages " in the wilderness of Africa, he introduces a captive, who, " though just escaped from prison and slavery, under the tyrant

the text of his Philofophical Dialogues, *Il Neutonianifmo per le dame*: this was in part owing to the affiftance he had of his friend Mr. Gray, a gentleman well verfed in the Newtonian philofophy, who, on that occafion, gave him a very exact, though general, abftract of its principles.

That fame year the refentment of our merchants

" of Morocco, is fo terrified and aftonifhed at the dreadful " uproar, that

" The wretch half wifhes for his bonds again.

" Thus, alfo, having defcribed a caravan loft and overwhelmed " in one of thofe whirlwinds that fo frequently agitate and " lift up the whole fands of the defert, he finifhes his picture " by adding, that,

" in Cairo's crowded ftreet
" Th' impatient merchant wond'ring waits in vain,
" And Mecca faddens at the long delay.

" And thus, laftly, in defcribing the peftilence that deftroyed the " Britifh troops at the fiege of Carthagena, he has ufed a circum- " ftance inimitably lively, picturefque, and ftriking to the imagi- " nation; for he fays that the Admiral not only heard the " groans of the fick that echoed from fhip to fhip, but that " he alfo penfively ftood and liftened, at midnight, to the " dafhing of the waters, occafioned by throwing the dead bodies " into the fea;

" Heard, nightly, plung'd into the fullen waves
" The frequent corfe.

" Thefe obfervations on Thomfon might be ftill augmented, " by an examination and developement of the beauties in the " loves of the birds, in Spring, ver. 580.; a view of the torrid " zone, in Summer, ver. 626.; the rife of fountains and rivers, " in Autumn, ver. 781.; a man perifhing in the fnows, in " Winter, ver. 277.; and the wolves defcending from the Alps, " and a view of winter within the Polar circle, ver. 809.; " which are all of them highly finifhed originals, excepting " a few of thofe blemifhes intimated above. Winter is, in my " apprehenfion, the moft valuable of thefe four poems; the " fcenes of it, like thofe of Il Penferofo of Milton, being " of that awful, and folemn, and penfive kind, on which a " great genius beft delights to dwell."

for the interruption of their trade by the Spaniards in America running very high, Mr. Thomſon zealouſly took part in it, and wrote his poem Britannia, to rouſe the nation to revenge: and although this piece is the leſs read that its ſubject was but accidental and temporary, the ſpirited generous ſentiments that enrich it can never be out of ſeaſon: they will at leaſt remain a monument of that love of his country, that devotion to the public, which he is ever inculcating as the perfection of virtue, and which none ever felt more pure, or more intenſe, than himſelf.

Our Author's poetical ſtudies were now to be interrupted, or rather improved, by his attendance on the Honourable Mr. Charles Talbot in his travels. A delightful taſk indeed! endowed as that young nobleman was by Nature, and accompliſhed by the care and example of the beſt of fathers in whatever could adorn humanity; graceful of perſon, elegant in manners and addreſs, pious, humane, generous, with an exquiſite taſte in all the finer arts.

With this amiable companion and friend Mr. Thomſon viſited moſt of the courts and capital cities of Europe, and returned with his views greatly enlarged; not of exterior nature only, and the works of art, but of human life and manners, of the conſtitution and policy of the ſeveral ſtates, their connexions, and their religious inſtitutions. How particular and judicious his obſervations were, we ſee in

his poem of Liberty, begun ſoon after his return to England. We ſee, at the ſame time, to what a high pitch his love of his country was raiſed, by the comparisons he had all along been making of our happy well-poiſed government with thoſe of other nations. To inſpire his fellow-ſubjects with the like ſentiments, and ſhew them by what means the precious freedom we enjoy may be preſerved, and how it may be abuſed or loſt, he employed two years of his life in compoſing that noble work, upon which, conſcious of the importance and dignity of the ſubject, he valued himſelf more than upon all his other writings.

While Mr. Thomſon was writing the firſt part of Liberty, he received a ſevere ſhock by the death of his noble friend and fellow-traveller, which was ſoon followed by another that was ſeverer ſtill, and of more general concern, the death of Lord Talbot himſelf; which Mr. Thomſon ſo pathetically and ſo juſtly laments in the poem dedicated to his memory. In him the nation ſaw itſelf deprived of an uncorrupted patriot, the faithful guardian of their rights, on whoſe wiſdom and integrity they had founded their hopes of relief from many tedious vexations; and Mr. Thomſon, beſides his ſhare in the general mourning, had to bear all the affliction which a heart like his could feel for the perſon whom, of all mankind, he moſt revered and loved. At the ſame time he found himſelf, from an eaſy competency, reduced to a ſtate

of precarious dependance, in which he paſſed the remainder of his life, excepting only the two laſt years of it, during which he enjoyed the place of Surveyor General of the Leeward-Iſlands, procured for him by the generous friendſhip of my Lord Lyttelton.

Immediately upon his return to England with Mr. Talbot, the Chancellor had made him his Secretary of Briefs, a place of little attendance, ſuiting his retired indolent way of life, and equal to all his wants. This place fell with his patron; and although the noble Lord who ſucceeded to Lord Talbot in office kept it vacant for ſome time, probably till Mr. Thomſon ſhould apply for it, he was ſo diſpirited, and ſo liſtleſs to every concern of that kind, that he never took one ſtep in the affair; a neglect which his beſt friends greatly blamed in him.

Yet could not his genius be depreſſed, or his temper hurt, by this reverſe of fortune. He reſumed, with time, his uſual cheerfulneſs, and never abated one article in the way of living, which, though ſimple, was genial and elegant. The profits ariſing from his works were not inconſiderable; his tragedy of Agamemnon, acted in 1738, yielded a good ſum; Mr. Millar was always at hand to anſwer, or even to prevent, his demands; and he had a friend or two beſides, whoſe hearts, he knew, were not contracted by the ample fortunes they had acquired, who would of themſelves interpoſe, if they ſaw any occaſion for it.

But his chief dependence, during this long interval, was on the protection and bounty of his Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales, who, upon the recommendation of Lord Lyttelton, then his chief favourite, settled on him a handsome allowance; and afterwards, when he was introduced to his Royal Highness, that excellent prince, who truly was what Mr. Thomson paints him, "The friend of mankind "and of merit," received him very graciously, and ever after honoured him with many marks of particular favour and confidence: a circumstance which does equal honour to the patron and the poet ought not here to be omitted, that my Lord Lyttelton's recommendation came altogether unsolicited, and long before Mr. Thomson was personally known to him.

It happened, however, that the favour of his Royal Highness was in one instance of some prejudice to our Author, in the refusal of a licence for his tragedy of Edward and Eleonora, which he had prepared for the stage in the year 1739. The reader may see that this play contains not a line which could justly give offence; but the ministry, still sore from certain pasquinades which had lately produced the Stage act, and as little satisfied with some parts of the Prince's political conduct, as he was with their management of the public affairs, would not risque the representation of a piece written under his eye, and, they might probably think, by his command.

This refusal drew after it another, and in a way which, as it is related, was rather ludicrous. Mr. Paterson, a companion of Mr. Thomson, afterwards his Deputy, and then his successor in the general surveyorship, used to write out fair copies for his friend, when such were wanted for the press, or for the stage. This gentleman, likewise, courted the Tragic Muse, and had taken for his subject the story of Arminius the German hero: but his play, guiltless as it was, being presented for a licence, no sooner had the Censor cast his eyes on the hand-writing in which he had seen Edward and Eleonora, than he cried out, Away with it! and the Author's profits were reduced to what his Bookseller could afford for a tragedy in distress.

Mr. Thomson's next dramatic performance was his Mask of Alfred, written jointly with Mr. Mallet, by command of the Prince of Wales, for the entertainment of his Royal Highness's court at his summer-residence. This piece, with some alterations, and the music new, has been since brought upon the stage by Mr. Mallet. It was acted at Clifden in the year 1740, on the birth-day of her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta.

In the year 1745, his Tancred and Sigismunda, taken from the novel in Gil Blas, was performed with applause, and, from the deep romantic distress of the lovers, continues to draw crowded houses. The success of this piece was indeed insured, from the first,

by Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Cibber, their appearing in the principal characters, which they heighten and adorn with all the magic of their never-failing art.

He had, in the mean time, been finiſhing his Caſtle of Indolence, in two canto's. It was, at firſt, little more than a few detached ſtanzas, in the way of raillery on himſelf, and on ſome of his friends, who would reproach him with indolence, while he thought them, at leaſt, as indolent as himſelf: but he ſaw, very ſoon, that the ſubject deſerved to be treated more ſeriouſly, and in a form fitted to convey one of the moſt important moral leſſons.

The ſtanza which he uſes in this work is that of Spenſer, borrowed from the Italian poets, in which he thought rhymes had their proper place, and were even graceful, the compaſs of the ſtanza admitting an agreeable variety of final ſounds, while the ſenſe of the poet is not cramped or cut ſhort, nor yet too much dilated, as muſt often happen when it is parcelled out into rhymed couplets, the uſual meaſure, indeed, of our elegy and ſatire; but which always weakens the higher poetry, and, to a true ear, will ſometimes give it an air of the burleſque.

This was the laſt piece Mr. Thomſon himſelf publiſhed, his tragedy of Coriolanus being only prepared for the theatre, when a fatal accident robbed the world of one of the beſt men and beſt poets that lived in it.

He had always been a timorous horſeman, and

more ſo in a road where numbers of giddy or unſkilful riders are continually paſſing; ſo that when the weather did not invite him to go by water, he would commonly walk the diſtance between London and Richmond with any acquaintance that offered, with whom he might chat and reſt himſelf, or perhaps dine, by the way. One ſummer evening, being alone, in his walk from town to Hammerſmith he had overheated himſelf, and in that condition imprudently took a boat to carry him to Kew, apprehending no bad conſequence from the chill air on the river, which his walk to his houſe, at the upper-end of Kew-Lane had always hitherto prevented: but now the cold had ſo ſeized him, that next day he found himſelf in a high fever, ſo much the more to be dreaded that he was of a full habit. This, however, by the uſe of proper medicines, was removed, ſo that he was thought to be out of danger, till the fine weather having tempted him to expoſe himſelf once more to the evening dews, his fever returned with violence, and with ſuch ſymptoms, as left no hopes of a cure. Two days had paſſed before his relapſe was known in town; at laſt Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Reid, with Dr. Armſtrong, being informed of it, poſted out at midnight to his aſſiſtance; but, alas! came only to endure a ſight of all others the moſt ſhocking to nature, the laſt agonies of their beloved friend. This lamented death happened on the 27th day of Auguſt 1748.

His teſtamentary executors were the Lord Lyttelton, whoſe care of our Poet's fortune and fame ceaſed not with his life; and Mr. Mitchell, a gentleman equally noted for the truth and conſtancy of his private friendſhips, and for his addreſs and ſpirit as a public miniſter. By their united intereſt the orphan play of Coriolanus was brought on the ſtage to the beſt advantage; from the profits of which, and the ſale of manuſcripts and other effects, all demands were duly ſatisfied, and a handſome ſum remitted to his ſiſters. My Lord Lyttelton's prologue to this piece was admired as one of the beſt that had ever been written; the beſt ſpoken it certainly was. The ſympathizing audience ſaw that, then indeed, Mr. Quin was no actor; that the tears he ſhed were thoſe of real friendſhip and grief.

Mr. Thomſon's remains were depoſited in the church of Richmond, under a plain ſtone, without any inſcription; nor did his brother poets at all exert themſelves on the occaſion, as they had lately done for one who had been the terror of poets all his lifetime. This ſilence furniſhed matter to one of his friends for an excellent ſatirical epigram, which we are ſorry we cannot give the reader. Only one gentleman, Mr. Collins, who had lived ſome time at Richmond, but forſook it when Mr. Thomſon died, wrote an Ode to his memory. This, for the dirge-like melancholy it breathes, and the warmth of affection that ſeems to

have dictated it, we ſhall ſubjoin to the preſent account.

Our Author himſelf hints, ſome where in his works, that his exterior was not the moſt promiſing, his make being rather robuſt than graceful; though it is known that in his youth he had been thought handſome. His worſt appearance was when you ſaw him walking alone, in a thoughtful mood; but let a friend accoſt him, and enter into converſation, he would inſtantly brighten into a moſt amiable aſpect, his features no longer the ſame, and his eye darting a peculiar animated fire. The caſe was much alike in company, where, if it was mixed, or very numerous, he made but an indifferent figure; but with a few ſelect friends he was open, ſprightly, and entertaining. His wit flowed freely, but pertinently, and at due intervals, leaving room for every one to contribute his ſhare. Such was his extreme ſenſibility, ſo perfect the harmony of his organs with the ſentiments of his mind, that his looks always announced, and half expreſſed, what he was about to ſay; and his voice correſponded exactly to the manner and degree in which he was affected. This ſenſibility had one inconvenience attending it, that it rendered him the very worſt reader of good poetry: a ſonnet, or a copy of tame verſes, he could manage pretty well, or even improve them in the reading; but a paſſage of Virgil, Milton, or Shakſpere, would ſometimes quite oppreſs him,

that you could hear little elſe than ſome ill-articulated ſounds, riſing as from the bottom of his breaſt.

He had improved his taſte upon the beſt originals, ancient and modern; but could not bear to write what was not ſtrictly his own, what had not more immediately ſtruck his imagination, or touched his heart; ſo that he is not in the leaſt concerned in that queſtion about the merit or demerit of imitators. What he borrows from the Ancients he gives us in an avowed faithful paraphraſe or tranſlation, as we ſee in a few paſſages taken from Virgil, and in that beautiful picture from Pliny the Elder, where the courſe and gradual increaſe of the Nile are figured by the ſtages of man's life.

The autumn was his favourite ſeaſon for poetical compoſition, and the deep ſilence of the night the time he commonly choſe for ſuch ſtudies; ſo that he would often be heard walking in his library till near morning, humming over, in his way, what he was to correct and write out next day.

The amuſements of his leiſure hours were civil and natural hiſtory, voyages, and the relations of travellers, the moſt authentic he could procure; and, had his ſituation favoured it, he would certainly have excelled in gardening, agriculture, and every rural improvement and exerciſe. Although he performed on no inſtrument, he was paſſionately fond of muſic, and would ſometimes liſten a full hour at his window to

the nightingales in Richmond gardens. While abroad, he had been greatly delighted with the regular Italian drama, ſuch as Metaſtaſio writes, as it is there heightened by the charms of the beſt voices and inſtruments; and looked upon our theatrical entertainments as, in one reſpect, naked and imperfect, when compared with the ancient, or with thoſe of Italy, wiſhing ſometimes that a chorus, at leaſt, and a better recitative, could be introduced.

Nor was his taſte leſs exquiſite in the arts of painting, ſculpture, and architecture. In his travels he had ſeen all the moſt celebrated monuments of Antiquity, and the beſt productions of modern art, and ſtudied them ſo minutely, and with ſo true a judgment, that in ſome of his deſcriptions in the poem of Liberty, we have the maſter-pieces there mentioned placed in a ſtronger light, perhaps, than if we ſaw them with our eyes, at leaſt, more juſtly delineated than in any other account extant: ſo ſuperior is a natural taſte of the grand and beautiful to the traditional leſſons of a common virtuoſo. His collection of prints, and ſome drawings from the antique, are now in the poſſeſſion of his friend, Mr. Gray, of Richmond-Hill.

As for his more diſtinguiſhing qualities of mind and heart, they are better repreſented in his writings than they can be by the pen of any biographer. There, his love of mankind, of his country and friends, his devotion to the Supreme Being, founded on the moſt

elevated and juſt conceptions of his operations and providence, ſhine out in every page. So unbounded was his tenderneſs of heart, that it took in even the brute creation: judge what it muſt have been towards his own ſpecies. He is not indeed known, through his whole life, to have given any perſon one moment's pain, by his writings or otherwiſe. He took no part in the poetical ſquabbles which happened in his time, and was reſpected, and left undiſturbed, by both ſides. He would even refuſe to take offence when he juſtly might, by interrupting any perſonal ſtory that was brought him, with ſome jeſt, or ſome humourous apology for the offender. Nor was he ever ſeen ruffled or diſcompoſed, but when he read or heard of ſome flagrant inſtance of injuſtice, oppreſſion, or cruelty: then, indeed, the ſtrongeſt marks of horror and indignation were viſible in his countenance.

Theſe amiable virtues, this divine temper of mind, did not fail of their due reward. His friends loved him with an enthuſiaſtic ardour, and lamented his untimely fate in the manner that is ſtill freſh in every one's memory: the beſt and greateſt men of his time honoured him with their friendſhip and protection: the applauſe of the public attended every appearance he made; the actors, of whom the more eminent were his friends and admirers, grudging no pains to do juſtice to his tragedies. At preſent, indeed, if we except Tancred, they are ſeldom called for, the ſim-

plicity of his plots, and the models he worked after, not ſuiting the reigning taſte, nor the impatience of an Engliſh theatre. They may hereafter come to be in vogue; but we hazard no comment or conjecture upon them, or upon any part of Mr. Thomſon's works; neither need they any defence or apology, after the reception they have had at home, and in the foreign languages into which they have been tranſlated. We ſhall only ſay, that, to judge from the imitations of his manner, which have been following him cloſe from the very firſt publication of Winter, he ſeems to have fixed no inconſiderable æra of the Engliſh poetry.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

BY MR. COLLINS.

The ſcene of the following ſtanzas is ſuppoſed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

I.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies,
  Where ſlowly winds the ſtealing wave;
The year's beſt ſweets ſhall duteous riſe
  To deck its Poet's ſylvan grave!

II.

In yon' deep bed of whiſp'ring reeds
  His airy harp* ſhall now be laid,

* The harp of Æolus, of which ſee a deſcription in the Caſtle of Indolence.

That he, whofe heart in forrow bleeds,
May love thro' life the foothing fhade.

III.

Then maids and youths fhall linger here,
And while its founds at diftance fwell,
Shall fadly feem in Pity s ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

IV.

Remembrance oft' fhall haunt the fhore,
When Thames in fummer wreaths is dreft,
And oft' fufpend the dafhing oar,
To bid his gentle fpirit reft!

V.

And oft' as Eafe and Health retire
To breezy lawn or foreft deep,
The friend fhall view yon' whitening fpire *,
And 'mid the varied landfcape weep.

VI.

But Thou, who own'ft that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity fhed,
That mourn beneath the gliding fail!

VII.

Yet lives there one whofe heedlefs eye
Shall fcorn thy pale fhrine glimm'ring near?
With him, fweet Bard, my Fancy die,
And Joy defert the blooming year.

* Richmond church.

VIII.

But thou, lorn Stream, whofe fullen tide
No fedge-crown'd fifters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's fide,
Whofe cold turf hides the buried friend!

IX.

And fee the fairy vallies fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the folemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted Shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

X.

The genial meads affign'd to blefs
Thy life, fhall mourn thy early doom,
Their hinds and fhepherd girls fhall drefs,
With fimple hands, thy rural tomb.

XI.

Long, long, thy ftone and pointed clay
Shall melt the mufing Britons' eyes,
O! Vales, and wild Woods, fhall he fay
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

THE SEASONS.

SPRING.

The Argument.

THE ſubject propoſed. Inſcribed to the Counteſs of Hertford. The ſeaſon is deſcribed as it affects the various parts of Nature, aſcending from the lower to the higher; with digreſſions ariſing from the ſubject. Its influence on inanimate matter, on vegetables, on brute animals, and laſt on man; concluding with a diſſuaſive from the wild and irregular paſſion of love, oppoſed to that of a pure and happy kind.

COME, gentle Spring! ethereal Mildneſs, come,
And from the boſom of yon' dropping cloud,
While muſic wakes around, veil'd in a ſhower
Of ſhadowing roſes, on our plains deſcend.
O Hertford! fitted or to ſhine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In ſoft aſſemblage, liſten to my ſong,
Which thy own ſeaſon paints, when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.
And ſee where ſurly Winter paſſes off
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blaſts:
His blaſts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The ſhatter'd foreſt, and the ravag'd vale;
While ſofter gales ſucceed, at whoſe kind touch,
Diſſolving ſnows in livid torrents loſt,
The mountains lift their green heads to the ſky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft' at eve reſumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets

Deform the day delightleſs; ſo that ſcarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulpht
To ſhake the ſounding marſh, or from the ſhore
The plovers when to ſcatter o'er the heath,
And ſing their wild notes to the liſtening waſte.
At laſt from Aries rolls the bounteous ſun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
Th' expanſive atmoſphere is cramp'd with cold,
But, full of life and vivifying ſoul,
Lifts the light clouds ſublime, and ſpreads them thin,
Fleecy and white, o'er all-ſurrounding heaven.
Forth fly the tepid Airs, and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving ſoftneſs ſtrays.
Joyous th' impatient huſbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his luſty ſteers
Drives from their ſtalls, to where the well-us'd plough
Lies in the furrow looſened from the froſt:
There unrefuſing, to the harneſs'd yoke
They lend their ſhoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the ſimple ſong and ſoaring lark.
Mean while incumbent o'er the ſhining ſhare
The maſter leans, removes th' obſtructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and ſidelong lays the glebe.
White thro' the neighb'ring fields the ſower ſtalks,
With meaſur'd ſtep, and liberal throws the grain
Into the faithful boſom of the ground:
The harrow follows harſh, and ſhuts the ſcene.
Be gracious, Heav'n! for now laborious man

Has done his part. Ye foſtering Breezes! blow;
Ye ſoftening Dews! ye tender Show'rs! deſcend;
And temper all, thou world-reviving Sun!
Into the perfect year. Nor ye who live
In luxury and eaſe, in pomp and pride,
Think theſe loſt themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as theſe the rural Maro ſung
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taſte, by Greece refin'd.
In ancient times, the ſacred plough employ'd
The kings and awful fathers of mankind;
And ſome, with whom compar'd your inſect-tribes
Are but the beings of a ſummer's day,
Have held the ſcale of empire, rul'd the ſtorm
Of mighty war, then with unwearied hand,
Diſdaining little delicacies, ſeiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.
  Ye generous Britons! venerate the plough,
And o'er your hills and long withdrawing vales
Let Autumn ſpread his treaſures to the ſun,
Luxuriant and unbounded. As the ſea
Far thro' his azure turbulent domain
Your empire owns, and from a thouſand ſhores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports,
So with ſuperior boon may your rich ſoil,
Exuberant, Nature's better bleſſings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be th' exhauſtleſs granary of a world!

Nor only thro' the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative ſun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, ſets the ſteaming power
At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay Green!
Thou ſmiling Nature's univerſal robe!
United light and ſhade! where the ſight dwells
With growing ſtrength, and ever new delight.
From the moiſt meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And ſwells, and deepens, to the cheriſh'd eye:
The hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy-foreſt ſtands diſplay'd
In full luxuriance to the ſighing gales,
Where the deer ruſtle thro' the twining brake,
And the birds ſing conceal'd. At once array'd
In all the colours of the fluſhing year,
By Nature's ſwift and ſecret-working hand
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With laviſh fragrance, while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
Within its crimſon folds. Now from the Town,
Buried in ſmoke, and ſleep, and noiſome damps,
Oft' let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freſhneſs breathes, and daſh the trembling drops
From the bent buſh, as thro' the verdant maze

Of ſweet-brier hedges I purſue my walk,
Or taſte the ſmell of dairy, or aſcend
Some eminence, Auguſta, in thy plains,
And ſee the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundleſs bluſh, one white-empurpled ſhower
Of mingled bloſſoms, where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profuſion, yellow Autumn ſpies.
If, bruſh'd from Ruſſian wilds, a cutting gale
Riſe not, and ſcatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely froſt, before whoſe baleful blaſt
The full-blown Spring thro' all her foliage ſhrinks,
Joyleſs and dead, a wide-dejected waſte:
For oft', engender'd by the hazy North,
Myriads on myriads, inſect armies, warp
Keen in the poiſon'd breeze, and waſteful eat,
Thro' buds and bark, into the blackened core
Their eager way: a feeble race! yet oft'
The ſacred ſons of Vengeance, on whoſe courſe
Corroſive Famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague the ſkilful farmer chaff,
And blazing ſtraw, before his orchard burns,
Till, all involv'd in ſmoke, the latent foe
From every cranny ſuffocated falls,
Or ſcatters o'er the blooms the pungent duſt
Of pepper, fatal to the froſty tribe;
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,

With ſprinkled water drowns them in their neſt;
Nor, while they pick them up with buſy bill,
The little trooping birds unwiſely ſcares.
  Be patient, Swains! theſe cruel-ſeeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repreſs'd
Thoſe deepening clouds on clouds, ſurcharg'd with rain,
That o'er the vaſt Atlantic hither borne,
In endleſs train, would quench the ſummer-blaze,
And, cheerleſs, drown the crude unripened year.
  The North-eaſt ſpends his rage; he now ſhut up
Within his iron cave, th' effuſive South
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal ſhowers diſtent.
At firſt a duſky wreath they ſeem to riſe,
Scarce ſtaining ether, but by ſwift degrees
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour ſails
Along the loaded ſky, and, mingling deep,
Sits on th' horizon round a ſettled gloom:
Not ſuch as wintry ſtorms on mortals ſhed,
Oppreſſing life, but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wiſh of Nature. Gradual ſinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
Is heard to quiver thro' the cloſing woods,
Or ruſtling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aſpin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glaſſy breadth, ſeem, thro' deluſive lapſe,
Forgetful of their courſe. 'Tis ſilence all,

And pleaſing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry ſprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Huſh'd in ſhort ſuſpenſe
The plumy people ſtreak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moiſture trickling off,
And wait th' approaching ſign to ſtrike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And foreſts, ſeem impatient to demand
The promis'd ſweetneſs. Man ſuperior walks
Amid the glad creation, muſing praiſe,
And looking lively gratitude. At laſt,
The clouds conſign their treaſures to the fields,
And, ſoftly ſhaking on the dimpled pool
Preluſive drops, let all their moiſture flow
In large effuſion o'er the freſhened world.
The ſtealing ſhower is ſcarce to patter heard
By ſuch as wander thro' the foreſt walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the ſhade, while Heaven deſcends
In univerſal bounty, ſhedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift Fancy fir'd anticipates their growth,
And, while the milky nutriment diſtils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.
  Thus all day long the full-diſtended clouds
Indulge their genial ſtores, and well-ſhower'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till in the weſtern ſky the downward ſun

Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoaking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.
Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence blending all the sweetened zephyr springs.
Mean time refracted from yon' eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense, and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton! the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy show'ry prism,
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
From the white-mingling maze. Not so the boy;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but, amaz'd,
Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,

A foftened fhade, and faturated earth,
Await the morning-beam, to give to light,
Rais'd thro' ten thoufand different plaftic tubes,
The balmy treafures of the former day.
Then fpring the living herbs, profufely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botanifts to number up their tribes,
Whether he fteals along the lonely dale,
In filent fearch, or thro' the foreft, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Burfts his blind way, or climbs the mountain-rock,
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With fuch a liberal hand has Nature flung
Their feeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerous mix'd them with the nurfing mould,
The moiftening current, and prolific rain.
But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With vifion pure, into thefe fecret ftores
Of health, and life, and joy? the food of man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years, unflefh'd in blood,
A ftranger to the favage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, furfeit, and difeafe;
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.
The firft frefh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
Of uncorrupted Man, nor blufh'd to fee
The fluggard fleep beneath its facred beam;
For their light flumbers gently fum'd away,

And up they roſe as vigorous as the ſun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the cheerful tendence of the flock.
Mean time the ſong went round; and dance and ſport,
Wiſdom and friendly talk, ſucceſſive, ſtole
Their hours away; while in the roſy vale
Love breath'd his infant ſighs, from anguiſh free,
And full replete with bliſs, ſave the ſweet pain
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act nor ſurly deed
Was known among thoſe happy ſons of Heaven,
For reaſon and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature, too, look'd ſmiling on.
Clear ſhone the ſkies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy ſpirit all. The youthful Sun
Shot his beſt rays, and ſtill the gracious clouds
Dropp'd fatneſs down, as o'er the ſwelling mead
The herds and flocks commixing play'd ſecure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion ſaw, his horrid heart
Was meekened, and he join'd his ſullen joy:
For muſic held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft ſigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
In conſonance. Such were thoſe prime of days.

But now thoſe white unblemiſh'd manners, whence
The fabling poets took their Golden Age,

Are found no more amid these Iron times,
These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers
Which forms the soul of happiness, and all
Is off the poise within: the passions all
Have burst their bounds, and Reason, half extinct,
Or impotent, or else approving, sees
The foul disorder. Senseless and deform'd,
Convulsive Anger storms at large; or, pale
And silent, settles into fell revenge.
Base Envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Desponding Fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
Even Love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.
Hope sickens with extravagance; and Grief,
Of life impatient, into madness swells,
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
These, and a thousand mixt emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm; whence, deeply rankling, grows
The partial thought, a listless unconcern,

Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
Then dark Diſguſt, and Hatred, winding Wiles,
Coward Deceit, and ruffian Violence:
At laſt, extinct each ſocial feeling fell,
And joyleſs Inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature, diſturb'd,
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her courſe.
Hence, in old duſky time, a deluge came;
When the deep-cleft diſparting orb that arch'd
The central waters round impetuous ruſh'd,
With univerſal burſt, into the gulf,
And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide daſh'd the waves, in undulation vaſt,
Till, from the centre to the ſtreaming clouds,
A ſhoreleſs ocean tumbled round the globe.
The Seaſons ſince have, with ſeverer ſway,
Oppreſs'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waſte of ſnows, and Summer ſhot
His peſtilential heats. Great Spring before
Green'd all the year, and fruits and bloſſoms bluſh'd,
In ſocial ſweetneſs, on the ſelf-ſame bough.
Pure was the temperate air; an even calm
Perpetual reign'd, ſave what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanſe: for then nor ſtorms
Were taught to blow nor hurricanes to rage:
Sound ſlept the waters; no ſulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the ſky, and ſent the lightning forth;
While ſickly damps and cold autumnal fogs

Hung not relaxing on the ſprings of life.
But now of turbid elements the ſport,
From clear to cloudy toſs'd, from hot to cold,
And dry to moiſt, with inward-eating change
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finiſh'd ere 'tis well begun.
And yet the wholeſome herb neglected dies,
Tho' with the pure exhilarating ſoul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the ſearch of Art 'tis copious bleſt:
For, with hot ravine fir'd, enſanguin'd Man
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worſe. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece; nor has the ſteer,
At whoſe ſtrong cheſt the deadly tyger hangs,
E'er plow'd for him. They, too, are temper'd high,
With hunger ſtung and wild neceſſity,
Nor lodges pity in their ſhaggy breaſt:
But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep, while from her lap
She pours ten thouſand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain,
Or beams that gave them birth; ſhall he, fair Form!
Who wears ſweet ſmiles and looks erect on heaven,
E'er ſtoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
And dip his tongue in gore? The beaſt of prey,

Blood-ſtain'd, deſerves to bleed; but you, ye Flocks!
What have you done? ye peaceful People! what
To merit death? you who have given us milk
In luſcious ſtreams, and lent us your own coat
Againſt the winter's cold? And the plain ox,
That harmleſs, honeſt, guileleſs animal!
In what has he offended? he whoſe toil,
Patient, and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harveſt, ſhall he bleed,
And, ſtruggling, groan beneath the cruel hands
Even of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
To ſwell the riot of th' autumnal feaſt,
Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart
Would tenderly ſuggeſt; but 'tis enough,
In this late age, advent'rous, to have touch'd
Light on the numbers of the Samian ſage:
High Heaven forbids the bold preſumptuous ſtrain,
Whoſe wiſeſt will has fix'd us in a ſtate
That muſt not yet to pure perfection riſe.
  Now when the firſt foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And, whitening, down their moſſy-tinctur'd ſtream
Deſcends the billowy foam, now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-diſſembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elaſtic ſpring,
Snatch'd from the hoary ſteed the floating line,
And all thy ſlender wat'ry ſtores prepare;

But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulſive, twiſt in agonizing folds,
Which, by rapacious hunger ſwallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breaſt
Of the weak helpleſs uncomplaining wretch,
Harſh pain and horror to the tender hand.
When with his lively ray the potent ſun
Has pierc'd the ſtreams and rous'd the finny race,
Then, iſſuing cheerful, to thy ſport repair;
Chief ſhould the weſtern breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the ſhadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, purſue their rocky-channel'd maze
Down to the river, in whoſe ample wave
Their little Naiads love to ſport at large.
Juſt in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling ſtream, or where it boils
Around the ſtone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the deluſive fly,
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the ſpringing game.
Straight as above the ſurface of the flood
They wanton riſe, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook;
Some lightly toſſing to the graſſy bank,
And to the ſhelving ſhore ſlow-dragging ſome,

With various hand, proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and eaſily deceiv'd,
A worthleſs prey ſcarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth, and the ſhort ſpace
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft diſengage, and back into the ſtream
The ſpeckled captive throw: but ſhould you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your fineſt art.
Long time he, following cautious, ſcans the fly,
And oft' attempts to ſeize it, but as oft'
The dimpled water ſpeaks his jealous fear:
At laſt, while haply o'er the ſhaded ſun
Paſſes a cloud, he deſperate takes the death
With ſullen plunge: at once he darts along,
Deep-ſtruck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line,
Then ſeeks the fartheſt ooze, the ſheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old ſecure abode,
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand
That feels him ſtill, yet to his furious courſe
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Acroſs the ſtream, exhauſt his idle rage;
Till floating broad upon his breathleſs ſide,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the ſhore
You gaily drag your unreſiſting prize.

Thus paſs the temperate hours; but when the ſun

Shakes from his noon-day throne the ſcattering clouds,
Even ſhooting liſtleſs languor thro' the deeps,
Then ſeek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
Where ſcatter'd wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy eſſence breathes, where cowſlips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the ſhade;
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon' ſpreading aſh,
Hung o'er the ſteep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
The ſounding culver ſhoots; or where the hawk,
High, in the beetling cliff, his aeiry builds:
There let the claſſic page thy fancy lead
Thro' rural ſcenes, ſuch as the Mantuan ſwain
Paints in the matchleſs harmony of ſong:
Or catch thyſelf the landſcape, gliding ſwift
Athwart Imagination's vivid eye:
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And loſt in lonely muſing, in the dream
Confus'd of careleſs ſolitude, where mix
Ten thouſand wandering images of things,
Soothe every guſt of paſſion into peace,
All but the ſwellings of the ſoften'd heart,
That waken, not diſturb, the tranquil mind.
Behold yon' breathing proſpect bids the Muſe
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature? Can Imagination boaſt,
Amid its gay creation, hues like her's?
Or can it mix them with that matchleſs ſkill,

And lofe them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If Fancy, then,
Unequal fails beneath the pleafing tafk,
Ah! what fhall Language do? ah! where find words
Ting'd with fo many colours, and whofe power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, thofe aromatic gales,
That inexhauftive flow continual round?
Yet tho' fuccefslefs will the toil delight.
Come then, ye Virgins and ye Youths! whofe hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my fong!
Form'd by the Graces, Lovelinefs itfelf!
Come with thofe downcaft eyes, fedate and fweet,
Thofe looks demure, that deeply pierce the foul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reafon mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
Oh come! and while the rofy-footed May
Steals blufhing on, together let us tread
The morning-dews, and gather, in their prime,
Frefh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy lov'd bofom, that improves their fweets.
See where the winding vale its lavifh ftores
Irriguous fpreads. See how the lily drinks
The latent rill, fcarce oozing thro' the grafs,
Of growth luxuriant, or the humid bank
In fair profufion decks. Long let us walk
Where the breeze blows from yon' extended field

Of bloſſom'd beans: Arabia cannot boaſt
A fuller gale of joy than, liberal, thence
Breathes thro' the ſenſe, and takes the raviſh'd ſoul.
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of freſh verdure and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of Nature, wide and wild,
Where undiſguis'd by mimic Art ſhe ſpreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious taſk the fervent bees,
In ſwarming millions, tend; around, athwart,
Thro' the ſoft air the buſy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and with inſerted tube
Suck its pure eſſence, its ethereal ſoul;
And oft' with bolder wing they ſoaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luſcious ſpoil.
At length the finiſh'd garden to the view
Its viſtas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze the hurried eye
Diſtracted wanders; now the bowery walk
Of covert cloſe, where ſcarce a ſpeck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted ſweeps;
Now meets the bending ſky; the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake,
The foreſt darkening round, the glittering ſpire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the diſtant main.
But why ſo far excurſive? when at hand,
Along theſe bluſhing borders bright with dew,

And in yon' mingled wilderneſs of flowers
Fair-handed Spring unboſoms every grace;
Throws out the ſnow-drop and the crocus firſt;
The daiſy, primroſe, violet, darkly blue,
And polyanthus, of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wallflower, ſtain'd with iron brown,
And laviſh ſtock that ſcents the garden round:
From the ſoft wing of vernal breezes ſhed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With ſhining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-duſt,
The varied colours run, and while they break
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting floriſt marks,
With ſecret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting, from the bud,
Firſt-born of Spring, to Summer's muſky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of pureſt virgin white,
Low-bent, and bluſhing inward; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance; nor Narciſſus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging ſtill;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-ſpotted pinks;
Nor, ſhower'd from every buſh, the damaſk-roſe.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, ſmells,
With hues on hues Expreſſion cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endleſs bloom.

Hail, Source of Being! univerſal Soul
Of heaven and earth! Eſſential Preſence, hail!
To thee I bend the knee: to Thee my thoughts
Continual climb, who with a maſter-hand
Haſt the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew:
By Thee diſpos'd into congenial ſoils,
Stands each attractive plant, and ſucks, and ſwells
The juicy tide, a twining maſs of tubes.
At thy command the vernal ſun awakes
The torpid ſap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds, that now in fluent dance
And lively fermentation mounting, ſpreads
All this innumerous-colour'd ſcene of things.
As riſing from the vegetable world
My theme aſcends, with equal wing aſcend,
My panting Muſe! and hark! how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayeſt trim.
Lend me your ſong, ye Nightingales! oh! pour
The mazy-running ſoul of Melody
Into my varied verſe! while I deduce,
From the firſt note the hollow cuckoo ſings,
The ſymphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, The paſſion of the groves.
When firſt the ſoul of love is ſent abroad,
Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart

Harmonious ſeizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing,
And try again the long-forgotten ſtrain,
At firſt faint-warbled; but no ſooner grows
The ſoft infuſion prevalent and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In muſic unconfin'd. Up ſprings the lark,
Shrill-voic'd and loud, the meſſenger of Morn;
Ere yet the ſhadows fly he mounted ſings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copſe
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and buſh
Bending with dewy moiſture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiriſters that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thruſh
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run thro' the ſweeteſt length
Of notes; when liſtening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purpoſes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whiſtles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch anſwers from the grove:
Now are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profuſely, ſilent. Join'd to theſe,
Innumerous ſongſters in the freſhening ſhade
Of new-ſprung leaves their modulations mix
Mellifluous: the jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harſh pipe, diſcordant heard alone,

Aid the full concert, while the ſtock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.
'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waſte of muſic is the voice of Love;
That even to birds and beaſts the tender arts
Of pleaſing teaches: hence the gloſſy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtſhip to their mates
Pour forth their little ſouls. Firſt, wide around,
With diſtant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeav'ring by a thouſand tricks to catch
The cunning, conſcious, half-averted glance
Of their regardleſs charmer. Should ſhe ſeem
Softening, the leaſt approvance to beſtow,
Their colours burniſh, and, by hope inſpir'd,
They briſk advance; then on a ſudden ſtruck,
Retire diſorder'd; then again approach,
In fond rotation ſpread the ſpotted wing,
And ſhiver every feather with deſire.
Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haſte away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleaſure, or food, or ſecret ſafety prompts,
That Nature's great command may be obey'd;
Nor all the ſweet ſenſations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly hedge
Neſtling repair, and to the thicket ſome;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring: the cleft tree

Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its infects, and its mofs their nefts:
Others apart, far in the graffy dale
Or roughening wafte their humble texture weave:
But moft in woodland folitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms or fhaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whofe murmurs foothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive ftream,
They frame the firft foundation of their domes,
Dry fprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But reftlefs hurry thro' the bufy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The fwallow fweeps
The flimy pool, to build his hanging houfe
Intent: and often from the carelefs back
Of herds and flocks a thoufand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft', when unobferv'd,
Steal from the barn a ftraw; till foft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.
As thus the patient dam affiduous fits,
Not to be tempted from her tender tafk,
Or by fharp hunger or by fmooth delight,
Tho' the whole loofened Spring around her blows,
Her fympathizing lover takes his ftand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceafelefs fings
The tedious time away; or elfe fupplies

Her place a moment, while ſhe ſudden flits
To pick the ſcanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpleſs family, demanding food
With conſtant clamour: O what paſſions then,
What melting ſentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents ſeize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and, undeſiring, bear
The moſt delicious morſel to their young,
Which equally diſtributed, again
The ſearch begins. Even ſo a gentle pair,
By Fortune ſunk, but form'd of generous mould,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breaſt,
In ſome lone cott amid the diſtant woods,
Suſtain'd alone by providential Heaven,
Oft' as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.
  Nor toil alone they ſcorn; exalting Love,
By the great Father of the Spring inſpir'd,
Gives inſtant courage to the fearful race,
And to the ſimple art. With ſtealthy wing
Should ſome rude foot their woody haunts moleſt,
Amid a neighbouring buſh they ſilent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th' unfeeling ſchoolboy. Hence around the head
Of wandering ſwain the white-wing'd plover wheels

Her ſounding flight, and then directly on,
In long excurſion, ſkims the level lawn
To tempt him from her neſt. The wild-duck, hence,
O'er the rough moſs, and o'er the trackleſs waſte
The heath-hen, flutters; pious fraud! to lead
The hot-purſuing ſpaniel far aſtray.
Be not the Muſe aſham'd here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd and boundleſs air.
Dull are the pretty ſlaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening luſtre loſt;
Nor is that ſprightly wildneſs in their notes
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
O then, ye Friends of love and love-taught ſong,
Spare the ſoft tribes! this barbarous art forbear!
If on your boſom Innocence can win,
Muſic engage, or Piety perſuade.
But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harſh confinement of the cage.
Oft' when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' aſtoniſh'd mother finds a vacant neſt,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain proviſion falls,
Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, ſcarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar ſhade,
Where, all abandon'd to deſpair ſhe ſings

Her ſorrows thro' the night, and on the bough
Sole ſitting, ſtill at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable ſtrain
Of winding woe, till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her ſong, and with her wail reſound.
 But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, diſdain, and, weighing oft' their wings,
Demand the free poſſeſſion of the ſky.
This one glad office more, and then diſſolves
Parental love at once, now needleſs grown.
Unlaviſh Wiſdom never works in vain,
'Tis on ſome evening, ſunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
With yellow luſtre bright, that the new tribes
Viſit the ſpacious heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's common, far as they can ſee,
Or wing, their range and paſture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, ſtill at the giddy verge
Their reſolution fails; their pinions ſtill
In looſe libration ſtretch'd, to truſt the void
Trembling refuſe, till down before them fly
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or puſh them off. The ſurging air receives
Its plumy burden, and their ſelf-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they leap,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight,
Till vaniſh'd every fear, and every power

Rous'd into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race,
And, once rejoicing, never know them more.
High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
On utmost Kilda's* shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire:
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
For ages, of his empire, which in peace
Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.
Should I my steps turn to the rural seat
Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early Spring, his aeiry city builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive, there, well-pleas'd,
I might the various polity survey
Of the mixt household kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock,
Whose breast with ardour flames as on he walks,
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond
The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan

* The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.

Gives out his ſnowy plumage to the gale,
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his oſier-iſle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud-threatening, reddens; while the peacock ſpreads
His every-colour'd glory to the ſun,
And ſwims in radiant majeſty along.
O'er the whole homely ſcene the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.
While thus the gentle tenants of the ſhade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes below, ruſh furious into flame
And fierce deſire. Thro' all his luſty veins
The bull, deep-ſcorch'd, the raging paſſion feels:
Of paſture ſick, and negligent of food,
Scarce ſeen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample ſides the rambling ſprays
Luxuriant ſhoot; or thro' the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud
Crops, tho' it preſſes on his careleſs ſenſe:
And oft' in jealous madning fancy wrapt,
He ſeeks the fight; and, idly butting, feigns
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk:
Him ſhould he meet the bellowing war begins:
Their eyes flaſh fury: to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the ſand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And, groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix;

While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling ſteed,
With this hot impulſe ſeiz'd in every nerve.
Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the ſounding thong:
Blows are not felt; but toſſing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to diſtant plains
Attracted ſtrong, all wild he burſts away;
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains, flies;
And, neighing, on the aërial ſummit takes
Th' exciting gale; then, ſteep-deſcending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
Even where the madneſs of the ſtraiten'd ſtream
Turns in black eddies round: ſuch is the force
With which his frantic heart and ſinews ſwell.
   Nor undelighted by the boundleſs Spring
Are the broad monſters of the foaming deep;
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the ſtrain, and diſſonant, to ſing
The cruel raptures of the ſavage kind;
How by this flame their native wrath ſublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far-reſounding waſte in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves: but this the theme
I ſing, enraptur'd, to the Britiſh fair,
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
Where ſits the ſhepherd on the graſſy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the deſcending ſun:
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,

Of various cadence; and his ſportive lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in friſkful glee
Their frolics play. And now the ſprightly race
Invites them forth ; when ſwift, the ſignal given,
They ſtart away, and ſweep the maſſy mound
That runs around the hill, the rampart once
Of iron War, in ancient barbarous times,
When diſunited Britain ever bled,
Loſt in eternal broil ; ere yet ſhe grew
To this deep-laid indiſſoluble ſtate,
Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden heads,
And o'er our labours Liberty and Law,
Impartial, watch, the wonder of a world !
What is this mighty Breath, ye Sages ! ſay,
That in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Inſtructs the fowls of heaven, and thro' their breaſts
Theſe arts of love diffuſes ? What but God ?
Inſpiring God ! who, boundleſs Spirit all,
And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Adjuſts, ſuſtains, and agitates the whole.
He ceaſeleſs works alone, and yet alone
Seems not to work : with ſuch perfection fram'd
Is this complex ſtupendous ſcheme of things,
But tho' conceal'd to every purer eye
Th' informing Author in his works appears,
Chief, lovely Spring ! in thee, and thy ſoft ſcenes,
The ſmiling God is ſeen, while water, earth,
And air, atteſt his bounty, which exalts

The brute creation to this fineſt thought,
And annual melts their undeſigning hearts
Profuſely thus in tenderneſs and joy.
Still let my ſong a nobler note aſſume,
And ſing th' infuſive force of Spring on Man:
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raiſe his being and ſerene his ſoul,
Can he forbear to join the general ſmile
Of Nature? can fierce paſſions vex his breaſt,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye ſordid Sons of Earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe,
Or only laviſh to yourſelves: away!
But come, ye generous Minds! in whoſe wide thought,
Of all his works, creative Bounty burns
With warmeſt beam, and on your open front
And liberal eye ſits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modeſt Want: nor till invok'd
Can reſtleſs Goodneſs wait; your active ſearch
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd!
Like ſilent-working Heaven, ſurpriſing oft'
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving ſpirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad! for you the teeming clouds
Deſcend in gladſome plenty o'er the world,
And the ſun ſheds his kindeſt rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! In theſe green days,
Reviving Sickneſs lifts her languid head,

Life flows afreſh, and young-ey'd Health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The ſunny glade, and feels an inward bliſs
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchaſe. Pure ſerenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation ſtill:
By ſwift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the boſom, till at laſt ſublim'd
To rapture and enthuſiaſtic heat,
We feel the preſent Deity, and taſte
The joy of God to ſee a happy world!
These are the ſacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart, inform'd by Reaſon's purer ray,
O Lyttelton, the friend! thy paſſions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the Muſe, thro' Hagley-Park thou ſtrayeſt,
Thy Britiſh Tempe! there along the dale!
With woods o'erhung, and ſhagg'd with moſſy rocks,
Whence on each hand the guſhing waters play,
And down the rough caſcade white-daſhing fall,
Or gleam in lengthened viſta thro' the trees,
You ſilent ſteal, or ſit beneath the ſhade
Of ſolemn oaks, that tuft the ſwelling mounts,
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careleſs hand,
And penſive liſten to the various voice
Of rural Peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
The hollow-whiſpering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twiſted roots

Which creep around, their dewy murmurs ſhake
On the ſooth'd ear. From theſe abſtracted oft',
You wander thro' the philoſophic world,
Where in bright train continual wonders riſe,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft', conducted by hiſtoric truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time,
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
And honeſt zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
Britannia's weal, how from the venal gulf
To raiſe her virtue, and her arts revive:
Or, turning thence thy view, theſe graver thoughts
The Muſes charm, while, with ſure taſte refin'd,
You draw th' inſpiring breath of ancient ſong,
Till nobly riſes, emulous, thy own.
Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda ſhares thy walk,
With ſoul to thine attun'd: then Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love,
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Toſs'd by ungenerous paſſions, ſinks away.
The tender heart is animated peace,
And as it pours its copious treaſures forth
In varied converſe, ſoftening every theme,
You, frequent pauſing, turn, and from her eyes,
Where meeken'd ſenſe, and amiable grace,
And lively ſweetneſs dwell, enraptur'd, drink
That nameleſs ſpirit of ethereal joy,
Unutterable happineſs! which Love
Alone beſtows, and on a favour'd few.

Mean time you gain the height, from whoſe fair brow
The burſting proſpect ſpreads immenſe around,
And ſnatch'd o'er hill, and dale, and wood, and lawn,
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
And villages emboſom'd ſoft in trees,
And ſpiry towns by ſurging columns mark'd
Of houſehold ſmoke, your eye excurſive roams;
Wide ſtretching from the hall, in whoſe kind haunt
The hoſpitable Genius lingers ſtill,
To where the broken landſcape, by degrees,
Aſcending, roughens into rigid hills,
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That ſkirt the blue horizon, duſky riſe.
Fluſh'd by the ſpirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a freſher bloom
Shoots, leſs and leſs, the live carnation round;
Her lips bluſh deeper ſweets; ſhe breathes of youth;
The ſhining moiſture ſwells into her eyes
In brighter flow; her wiſhing boſom heaves
With palpitations wild; kind tumults ſeize
Her veins, and all her yielding ſoul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecſtatic power, and ſick
With ſighing languiſhment. Ah then, ye Fair!
Be greatly cautious of your ſliding hearts;
Dare not th' infectious ſigh; the pleading look,
Downcaſt, and low, in meek ſubmiſſion dreſt,
But full of guile: let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation ſmooth.

Gain on your purpos'd will: nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.
And let th' aspiring youth beware of love;
Of the smooth glance beware: for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-softness pours:
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace,
Th' enticing smile, the modest-seeming eye,
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying Heaven,
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:
And still false-warbling in his cheated ear,
Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.
Even present, in the very lap of Love
Inglorious laid, while music flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours,
Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky crest: a quick-returning pang
Shoots thro' the conscious heart, where honour still,
And great design, against the oppressive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.
But absent, what fantastic woes arous'd
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life?
Neglected Fortune flies, and sliding swift,

Prone into ruin fall his ſcorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around; the darken'd ſun
Loſes his light: the roſy-boſom'd Spring
To weeping Fancy pines, and yon' bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a duſky vault.
All Nature fades extinct, and ſhe alone
Heard, felt, and ſeen, poſſeſſes every thought,
Fills every ſenſe, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulneſs, tedious friends,
And ſad amid the ſocial band he ſits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue
Th' unfiniſh'd period falls; while borne away
On ſwelling thought, his wafted ſpirit flies
To the vain boſom of his diſtant fair,
And leaves the ſemblance of a lover fix'd
In melancholy ſite, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he ſtarts,
Shook from his tender trance, and reſtleſs runs
To glimmering ſhades and ſympathetic glooms,
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling ſtream,
Romantic, hangs; there thro' the penſive duſk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation loſt,
Indulging all to love; or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, ſwells the breeze
With ſighs unceaſing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in ſoft anguiſh he conſumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement till the moon
Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy eaſt,
Enlightened by degrees, and in her train

Leads on the gentle Hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languiſh of her beam,
With ſoftened ſoul, and wooes the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his; or while the world
And all the ſons of Care lie huſh'd in ſleep,
Aſſociates with the midnight ſhadows drear,
And, ſighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page
Meant for the moving meſſenger of love,
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With riſing frenzy fir'd: but if on bed
Delirious flung, ſleep from his pillow flies:
All night he toſſes, nor the balmy power
In any poſture finds; till the grey Morn
Lifts her pale luſtre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love; and then, perhaps,
Exhauſted Nature ſinks a while to reſt,
Still interrupted by diſtracted dreams,
That o'er the ſick imagination riſe,
And in black colours paint the mimic ſcene.
Oft' with th' enchantreſs of his ſoul he talks,
Sometimes in crowds diſtreſs'd; or if retir'd
To ſecret-winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of Man,
Juſt as he, credulous, his endleſs cares
Begins to loſe in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
Thro' foreſts huge, and long-untravell'd heaths,
With deſolation brown, he wanders waſte,

In night and tempest wrapt, or shrinks, aghast,
Back from the bending precipice, or wades
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
The farther shore, where, succourless and sad,
She with extended arms his aid implores,
But strives in vain; borne by th' outrageous flood
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.
These are the charming agonies of love,
Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart
Should Jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise. Ye Fairy Prospects, then,
Ye Beds of Roses, and ye Bowers of Joy,
Farewell! ye Gleamings of departed Peace,
Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah, then! instead of love-enlivened cheeks,
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes,
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire;
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
And frightens Love away. Ten thousand fears
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms

For which he melts in fondneſs, eat him up
With fervent anguiſh and conſuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and reſolution frail,
Giving falſe peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afreſh her beauties on his buſy thought,
Her firſt endearments twining round the ſoul,
With all the witchcraft of enſnaring love.
Straight the fierce ſtorm involves his mind anew,
Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins,
While anxious doubt diſtracts the tortur'd heart;
For even the ſad aſſurance of his fears
Were eaſe to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
Whom Love deludes into his thorny wilds
Thro' flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fevered rapture or of cruel care,
His brighteſt aims extinguiſh'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waſte.

But happy they! the happieſt of their kind!
Whom gentler ſtars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarſer tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft', and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itſelf,
Attuning all their paſſions into love,
Where Friendſhip full-exerts her ſofteſt power,
Perfect eſteem, enlivened by deſire
Ineffable, and ſympathy of ſoul;

Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundleſs confidence; for nought but love
Can anſwer love, and render bliſs ſecure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bleſs himſelf, from ſordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, conſume his nights and days;
Let barbarous nations, whoſe inhuman love
Is wild deſire, fierce as the ſuns they feel,
Let Eaſtern tyrants, from the light of heaven
Seclude their boſom-ſlaves, meanly poſſeſs'd
Of a mere lifeleſs, violated form,
While thoſe whom love cements in holy faith
And equal tranſport, free as Nature live,
Diſdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleaſure, and its nonſenſe all!
Who in each other claſp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and laviſh hearts can wiſh?
Something than beauty dearer, ſhould they look
Or on the mind or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodneſs, honour, harmony, and love,
The richeſt bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Mean time a ſmiling offspring riſes round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees
The human bloſſom blows, and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, ſhews ſome new charm,
The father's luſtre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant Reaſon grows apace, and calls

For the kind hand of an aſſiduous care.
Delightful taſk! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening ſpirit, and to fix
The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.
Oh ſpeak the joy! ye, whom the ſudden tear
Surpriſes often, while you look around,
And nothing ſtrikes your eye but ſights of bliſs,
All-various Nature preſſing on the heart;
An elegant ſufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendſhip, books,
Eaſe and alternate labour, uſeful life,
Progreſſive virtue, and approving Heaven.
Theſe are the matchleſs joys of virtuous love,
And thus their moments fly. The Seaſons thus,
As ceaſeleſs round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy, and conſenting Spring
Sheds her own roſy garland on their heads;
Till evening comes at laſt, ſerene and mild,
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance ſwells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they ſink in ſocial ſleep;
Together freed, their gentle ſpirits fly
To ſcenes where love and bliſs immortal reign.

THE SEASONS.

SUMMER.

The Argument.

THE ſubject propoſed. Invocation. Addreſs to Mr. Dodington. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the ſucceſſion of the Seaſons. As the face of Nature in this ſeaſon is almoſt uniform, the progreſs of the Poem is a deſcription of a Summer's day. The dawn. Sun-riſing. Hymn to the ſun. Forenoon. Summer-inſects deſcribed. Hay-making. Sheep-ſhearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Group of herds and flocks. A ſolemn grove; how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude ſcene. View of Summer in the Torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A Tale. The ſtorm over, a ſerene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Tranſition to the proſpect of a rich, well-cultivated country, which introduces a panegyric on Great-Britain. Sun-ſet. Evening. Night. Summer-meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praiſe of philoſophy.

FROM brightening fields of ether fair diſclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth:
He comes attended by the ſultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way,
While from his ardent look the turning Spring
Averts her bluſhful face, and earth, and ſkies,
All-ſmiling, to his hot dominion leaves.
  Hence let me haſte into the mid-wood ſhade,
Where ſcarce a ſunbeam wanders thro' the gloom,
And on the dark-green graſs, beſide the brink
Of haunted ſtream, that by the roots of oak

Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And fing the glories of the circling year.
Come, Infpiration! from thy hermit-feat,
By mortal feldom found; may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd ferious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on furrounding heaven, to fteal one look
Creative of the poet, every power
Exalting to an ecftafy of foul.
And thou, my youthful Mufe's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite,
Pure light of mind, and tendernefs of heart,
Genius and wifdom, the gay focial fenfe,
By decency chaftis'd, goodnefs and wit,
In feldom-meeting harmony combin'd,
Unblemifh'd honour, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, liberty, and man;
O Dodington! attend my rural fong,
Stoop to my theme, infpirit every line,
And teach me to deferve thy juft applaufe.
With what an awful world-revolving power
Were firft the unwieldy planets launch'd along
Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thoufand years,
That oft' has fwept the toiling race of men,
And all their labour'd monuments, away,
Firm, unremitting, matchlefs, in their courfe,
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the Seafons ever ftealing round,

Minutely faithful; ſuch th' all-perfect Hand
That pois'd, impels, and rules the ſteady whole.
When now no more th' alternate Twins are fir'd,
And Cancer reddens with the ſolar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the Night,
And ſoon, obſervant of approaching Day,
The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
At firſt faint-gleaming in the dappled eaſt,
Till far o'er ether ſpreads the widening glow,
And from before the luſtre of her face
White break the clouds away. With quickened ſtep
Brown Night retires; young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny proſpect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's miſty top
Swell on the ſight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, thro' the duſk, the ſmoking currents ſhine,
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps awkward; while along the foreſt-glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early paſſenger. Muſic awakes
The native voice of undiſſembled joy,
And thick around the woodland hymns ariſe.
Rous'd by the cock, the ſoon-clad ſhepherd leaves
His moſſy cottage, where with Peace he dwells,
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taſte the verdure of the morn.
Falſely luxurious, will not man awake,
And, ſpringing from the bed of ſloth, enjoy

The cool, the fragrant, and the ſilent hour,
To meditation due and ſacred ſong?
For is there aught in ſleep can charm the wiſe?
To lie in dead oblivion, loſing half
The fleeting moments of too ſhort a life,
Total extinction of th' enlightened ſoul!
Or elſe to feveriſh vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and toſſing thro' diſtemper'd dreams?
Who would in ſuch a gloomy ſtate remain
Longer than Nature craves, when every Muſe
And every blooming Pleaſure wait without,
To bleſs the wildly-devious morning-walk?
But yonder comes the powerful King of day,
Rejoicing in the eaſt. The leſſening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow,
Illumin'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo, now apparent all,
Aſlant the dew-bright earth and coloured air
He looks in boundleſs majeſty abroad,
And ſheds the ſhining day, that burniſh'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering ſtreams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light!
Of all material beings firſt and beſt!
Efflux divine! Nature's reſplendent robe!
Without whoſe veſting beauty all were wrapt
In uneſſential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of ſurrounding worlds! in whom beſt ſeen
Shines out thy Maker, may I ſing of thee?

'Tis by thy ſecret, ſtrong, attractive force,
As with a chain indiſſoluble bound,
Thy ſyſtem rolls entire; from the far bourne
Of utmoſt Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years, to Mercury, whoſe diſk
Can ſcarce be caught by philoſophic eye,
Loſt in the near effulgence of thy blaze.
Informer of the planetary train!
Without whoſe quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely maſs, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life,
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling ſpirit, from th' unfetter'd mind,
By thee ſublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy ſetting beam?
The vegetable world is alſo thine,
Parent of Seaſons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vaſt domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
In world-rejoicing ſtate it moves ſublime.
Mean time th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or ſend grateful up
A common hymn, while round thy beaming car,
High-ſeen, the Seaſons lead, in ſprightly dance,
Harmonious knit, the roſy-finger'd Hours;
The Zephyrs floating looſe, the timely Rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light footed Dews,

And, ſoftened into joy, the ſurly Storms,
Theſe in ſucceſſive turn, with laviſh hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance ſhower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits, till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is fluſh'd the vernal year.
Nor to the ſurface of enlivened earth,
Graceful with hills, and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal treſſes, is thy force confin'd,
But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confeſs thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble ſhines;
Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burniſh'd War
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace
Hence bleſs mankind; and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.
The unfruitful rock itſelf, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid ſtone:
The lively diamond drinks thy pureſt rays,
Collected light, compact, that, poliſh'd bright,
And all its native luſtre let abroad,
Dares, as it ſparkles on the fair one's breaſt,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the ſapphire, ſolid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
The purple-ſtreaming amethyſt is thine.
With thy own ſmile the yellow topaz burns:

Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When firſt ſhe gives it to the ſouthern gale,
Than the green emerald ſhows: but, all combin'd,
Thick thro' the whitening opal play thy beams,
Or, flying ſeveral from its ſurface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the ſite varies in the gazer's hand.
  The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Aſſumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the relucent ſtream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blackened flood,
Softens at thy return. The Deſert joys
Wildly thro' all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from ſome pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmoſt verge,
Reſtleſs, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much-tranſported Muſe can ſing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and uſe,
Unequal far, great delegated ſource
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!
  How ſhall I then attempt to ſing of Him
Who, Light Himſelf, in uncreated light
Inveſted deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken?
Whoſe ſingle ſmile has, from the firſt of time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all thoſe lamps of heaven

That beam for ever thro' the boundlefs fky;
But, fhould he hide his face, th' aftonifh'd fun,
And all th' extinguifh'd ftars, would loofening reel
Wide from their fpheres, and chaos come again?
And yet was every faultering tongue of man,
Almighty Father! filent in thy praife,
Thy works themfelves would raife a general voice;
Even in the depths of folitary woods,
By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,
And to the choir celeftial Thee refound,
Th' eternal caufe, fupport, and end of all!
To me be Nature's volume broad-difplay'd,
And to perufe its all-inftructing page,
Or, haply catching infpiration thence,
Some eafy paffage, raptur'd, to tranflate,
My fole delight, as thro' the falling glooms
Penfive I ftray, or with the rifing dawn
On Fancy's eagle-wing excurfive foar.
Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent fun
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,
And morning fogs, that hovered round the hills
In party-colour'd bands, till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature fhines, from where earth feems,
Far-ftretch'd around, to meet the bending fphere.
Half in a blufh of cluftering rofes loft,
Dew-dropping Coolnefs to the fhade retires,
There on the verdant turf or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and carelefs rills to mufe;

While tyrant Heat, difpreading thro' the fky,
With rapid fway his burning influence darts
On man, and beaft, and herb, and tepid ftream.
Who can unpitying fee the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flufh'd bloom refign
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel thro' their azure veins.
But one, the lofty follower of the fun,
Sad when he fets, fhuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night, and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bofom to his ray.
Home from his morning tafk the fwain retreats,
His flock before him ftepping to the fold,
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks,
That the calm village in their verdant arms
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight,
Where on the mingling boughs they fit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arife.
Faint, underneath, the houfehold fowls convene;
And in a corner of the buzzing fhade
The houfe-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies
Out-ftretch'd and fleepy. In his flumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale, till wakened by the wafp,
They ftarting fnap. Nor fhall the Mufe difdain

To let the little noiſy ſummer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her ſong;
Not mean, tho' ſimple; to the ſun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire.
Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad, by the light air upborne,
Lighter, and full of ſoul. From every chink
And ſecret corner, where they ſlept away
The wintry ſtorms, or riſing from their tombs
To higher life, by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour, of all the vary'd hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can diſcloſe.
Ten thouſand forms, ten thouſand different tribes,
People the blaze. To ſunny waters ſome,
By fatal inſtinct, fly, where on the pool
They ſportive wheel; or, ſailing down the ſtream,
Are ſnatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout
Or darting ſalmon. Thro' the green-wood glade
Some love to ſtray, there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed,
In the freſh leaf: luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and viſit every flower
And every latent herb; for the ſweet taſk
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what ſoft beds, their young yet undiſcloſ'd,
Employs their tender care: ſome to the houſe,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight,
Sip round the pail, or taſte the curdling cheeſe:
Oft', inadvertent, from the milky ſtream

They meet their fate, or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerleſs wings around them wrapt, expire.
   But chief to heedleſs flies the window proves
A conſtant death, where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain ſpider lives, cunning and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcaſſes, in eager watch he ſits,
O'erlooking all his waving ſnares around:
Near the dire cell the dreadleſs wanderer oft'
Paſſes, as oft' the ruffian ſhows his front;
The prey at laſt enſnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaping line,
And fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward, grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing,
And ſhriller ſound, declare extreme diſtreſs,
And aſk the helping hoſpitable hand.
   Reſounds the living ſurface of the ground;
Nor undelightful is the ceaſeleſs hum
To him who muſes thro' the woods at noon,
Or drowſy ſhepherd as he lies reclin'd,
With half-ſhut eyes, beneath the floating ſhade
Of willows grey, cloſe-crowding o'er the brook.
   Gradual from theſe what numerous kinds deſcend,
Evading even the microſcopic eye!
Full Nature ſwarms with life; one wondrous maſs
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the vital breath, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his Spirit blow. The hoary fen,

In putrid ſteams, emits the living cloud
Of peſtilence. Thro' ſubterranean cells,
Where ſearching ſunbeams ſcarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its ſoft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel the ſtone
Holds multitudes. But chief the foreſt-boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameleſs nations feed
Of evaneſcent inſects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, inviſible,
Amid the floating verdure millions ſtray.
Each liquid, too, whether it pierces, ſooths,
Inflames, refreſhes, or exalts the taſte,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the ſtream
Of pureſt cryſtal, nor the lucid air,
Tho' one tranſparent vacancy it ſeems,
Void of their unſeen people. Theſe, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, eſcape
The groſſer eye of Man; for if the worlds
In worlds enclos'd ſhould on his ſenſes burſt,
From cates ambroſial and the nectar'd bowl
He would abhorrent turn, and in dead night,
When ſilence ſleeps o'er all, be ſtunn'd with noiſe.
Let no preſuming impious railer tax
Creative Wiſdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.

Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
His works unwiſe, of which the ſmalleſt part
Exceeds the narrow viſion of her mind?
As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
On ſwelling columns heav'd, the pride of Art!
A critic fly, whoſe feeble ray ſcarce ſpreads
An inch around, with blind preſumption bold,
Should dare to tax the ſtructure of the whole.
And lives the man whoſe univerſal eye
Has ſwept at once th' unbounded ſcheme of things,
Mark'd their dependance ſo, and firm accord,
As with unfaultering accent to conclude
That this availeth nought? Has any ſeen
The mighty chain of beings, leſſening down
From Infinite Perfection to the brink
Of dreary Nothing, deſolate abyſs!
From which aſtoniſh'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then, alone let zealous praiſe aſcend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power
Whoſe Wiſdom ſhines as lovely on our minds,
As on our ſmiling eyes his ſervant ſun.
    Thick in yon' ſtream of light a thouſand ways,
Upward and downward, thwarting and convolv'd,
The quivering nations ſport, till, tempeſt-wing'd,
Fierce Winter ſweeps them from the face of day.
Even ſo luxurious men, unheeding, paſs
An idle ſummer-life in Fortune's ſhine;
A ſeaſon's glitter! Thus they flutter on

From toy to toy, from vanity to vice,
Till, blown away by Death, Oblivion comes
Behind, and ſtrikes them from the Book of Life.
Now ſwarms the village o'er the jovial mead;
The ruſtic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and ſtrong; full as the ſummer roſe,
Blown by prevailing ſuns, the ruddy maid,
Half naked, ſwelling on the ſight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even ſtooping Age is here, and infant-hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppreſſion roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They ſpread their breathing harveſt to the ſun,
That throws refreſhful round a rural ſmell;
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the duſky wave along the mead,
The ruſſet hay-cock riſes thick behind,
In order gay; while, heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, reſounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and ſocial glee.
Or ruſhing thence, in one diffuſive band
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool, this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair ſpreading in a pebbled ſhore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much of men, and boys, and dogs,

Ere the ſoft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly ſides; and oft' the ſwain,
On ſome impatient ſeizing, hurls them in:
Embolden'd then, nor heſitating more,
Faſt, faſt they plunge amid the flaſhing wave,
And, panting, labour to the fartheſt ſhore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-waſh'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is baniſh'd by the ſordid ſtream,
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmleſs race, where, as they ſpread
Their ſwelling treaſures to the ſunny ray,
Inly diſturb'd, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill, and, toſs'd from rock to rock,
Inceſſant bleatings run around the hills.
At laſt, of ſnowy white, the gathered flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerous preſs'd,
Head above head, and rang'd in luſty rows
The ſhepherds ſit, and whet the ſounding ſhears.
The houſewife waits to roll her fleecy ſtores,
With all her gay-dreſt maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the reſt, the paſtoral queen, and rays
Her ſmiles, ſweet-beaming, on her ſhepherd-king,
While the glad circle round them yield their ſouls
To feſtive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Mean time their joyous taſk goes on apace;

Some mingling ſtir the melted tar, and ſome
Deep on the new-ſhorn vagrant's heaving ſide
To ſtamp his maſter's cypher ready ſtand;
Others the unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the ſturdy boy
Holds by the twiſted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft
By needy man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What ſoftneſs in its melancholy face,
What dumb-complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle Tribes! 'tis not the knife
Of horrid ſlaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender ſwain's well-guided ſhears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrowed your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will ſend you bounding to your hills again.
  A ſimple ſcene! yet hence Britannia ſees
Her ſolid grandeur riſe; hence ſhe commands
Th' exalted ſtores of every brighter clime,
The treaſures of the ſun without his rage:
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder, hence,
Rides o'er the waves ſublime, and now, even now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coaſt;
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.
  'Tis raging noon, and, vertical, the ſun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye

Can ſweep, a dazzling deluge reigns, and all
From pole to pole is undiſtinguiſh'd blaze.
In vain the ſight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot-aſcending ſteams,
And keen reflection, pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And ſlippery lawn an arid hue diſcloſe,
Blaſt Fancy's bloom, and wither even the ſoul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful ſound
Of ſharpening ſcythe; the mower ſinking, heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd.
And ſcarce a chirping graſhopper is heard
Thro' the dumb mead. Diſtreſsful Nature pants.
The very ſtreams look languid from afar,
Or thro' th' unſhelter'd glade impatient ſeem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.
  All-conquering Heat! oh intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples, potent thus,
Beam not ſo fierce! inceſſant ſtill you flow,
And ſtill another fervent flood ſucceeds,
Pour'd on the head profuſe. In vain I ſigh,
And reſtleſs turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who on the ſunleſs ſide
Of a romantic mountain, foreſt-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected ſhade reclines;
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And freſh-bedew'd with ever-ſpouting ſtreams,

Sits coolly calm, while all the world without,
Unfatisfied, and fick, toffes in noon:
Emblem inftructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind ferene and pure,
And every paffion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.
Welcome, ye Shades! ye bowery Thickets, hail!
Ye lofty Pines! ye venerable Oaks!
Ye Afhes wild, refounding o'er the fteep!
Delicious is your fhelter to the foul,
As to the hunted hart the fallying fpring,
Or ftream full-flowing, that his fwelling fides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
Cool thro' the nerves your pleafing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the frefh-expanded eye
And ear refume their watch; the finews knit,
And life fhoots fwift thro' all the lightened limbs.
Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now fcarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
Now ftarting to a fudden ftream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain,
A various group the herds and flocks compofe,
Rural confufion! On the graffy bank
Some ruminating lie, while others ftand
Half in the flood, and, often bending, fip
The circling furface. In the middle droops
The ftrong laborious ox, of honeft front,

Which incompos'd he ſhakes, and from his ſides
The troublous inſects laſhes with his tail,
Returning ſtill. Amid his ſubjects ſafe,
Slumbers the monarch-ſwain, his careleſs arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moſs ſuſtain'd;
Here laid his ſcrip, with wholeſome viands fill'd,
There, liſtening every noiſe, his watchful dog.
Light fly his ſlumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gadflies faſten on the herd,
That ſtartling ſcatters from the ſhallow brook,
In ſearch of laviſh ſtream. Toſſing the foam,
They ſcorn the keeper's voice, and ſcour the plain,
Thro' all the bright ſeverity of noon,
While from their labouring breaſts a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.
Oft' in this ſeaſon, too, the horſe, provok'd,
While his big ſinews full of ſpirits ſwell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood
Springs the high fence, and, o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood with ſtedfaſt eye,
And heart eſtrang'd to fear; his nervous cheſt,
Luxuriant, and erect, the ſeat of ſtrength,
Bears down th' oppoſing ſtream: quenchleſs his thirſt,
He takes the river at redoubled draughts,
And with wide noſtrils ſnorting, ſkims the wave.
Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove of wildeſt, largeſt growth,
That, forming high in air a woodland choir,

Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every ſtep,
Solemn and ſlow, the ſhadows blacker fall,
And all is awful liſtening gloom around.
 Theſe are the haunts of Meditation, theſe
The ſcenes where ancient bards th' inſpiring breath,
Exſtatic, felt, and from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent, to ſave the fall
Of Virtue ſtruggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whiſpers and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd ſoul
For future trials fated to prepare;
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His Muſe to better themes; to ſooth the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breaſt
(Backward to mingle in deteſted war,
But foremoſt when engag'd) to turn the death;
And numberleſs ſuch offices of love
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.
 Shook ſudden from the boſom of the ſky,
A thouſand ſhapes or glide athwart the duſk,
Or ſtalk majeſtic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
A ſacred terror, a ſevere delight,
Creep thro' my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, th' abſtracted ear
Of Fancy ſtrikes; "Be not of us afraid,
"Poor kindred Man! thy fellow-creatures we
"From the ſame Parent-power our beings drew,

" The ſame our Lord, and laws, and great purſuit.
" Once ſome of us, like thee, thro' ſtormy life
" Toil'd, tempeſt-beaten, ere we could attain
" This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
" Where purity and peace immingle charms.
" Then fear not us; but with reſponſive ſong,
" Amid theſe dim receſſes, undiſturb'd
" By noiſy Folly and diſcordant Vice,
" Of Nature ſing with us, and Nature's God.
" Here frequent, at the viſionary hour,
" When muſing Midnight reigns or ſilent Noon,
" Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
" And voices chanting from the wood-crown'd hill,
" The deepening dale, or inmoſt ſylvan glade;
" A privilege beſtow'd by us alone
" On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
" Of poet, ſwelling to ſeraphic ſtrain."
And art thou Stanley *, of that ſacred band?
Alas, for us too ſoon! tho' rais'd above
The reach of human pain, above the flight
Of human joy, yet, with a mingled ray
Of ſadly-pleas'd remembrance, muſt thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe,
Who ſeeks thee ſtill in many a former ſcene;
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
Thy pleaſing converſe, by gay lively ſenſe

* A young lady, well known to the Author, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.

Inſpir'd, where moral Wiſdom mildly ſhone
Without the toil of Art, and Virtue glow'd
In all her ſmiles, without forbidding pride.
But, O thou beſt of Parents! wipe thy tears,
Or rather to parental Nature pay
The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
Lent thee this younger ſelf, this opening bloom
Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth.
Believe the Muſe; the wintry blaſt of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they ſpread,
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter ſuns,
Thro' endleſs ages, into higher powers.
 Thus up the mount, in airy viſion rapt,
I ſtray, regardleſs whither, till the ſound
Of a near fall of water every ſenſe
Wakes from the charm of thought: ſwift-ſhrinking
I check my ſteps, and view the broken ſcene. [back
 Smooth to the ſhelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid, where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent down the ſteep
It thundering ſhoots, and ſhakes the country round.
At firſt, an azure ſheet, it ruſhes broad,
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud-reſounding rocks below
Daſh'd in a cloud of foam, it ſends aloft
A hoary miſt, and forms a ceaſeleſs ſhower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repoſe,
But raging ſtill amid the ſhaggy rocks,

Now flashes o'er the scattered fragments, now
Aslant the hollowed channel rapid darts,
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course and lessened roar
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.
 Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
With upward pinions, thro' the flood of day.
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
Gains on the sun; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive Noon, disordered droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes
Mournfully hoarse, oft' ceasing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his side by savage fowlers' guile,
Across his fancy comes, and then resounds
A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.
 Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air;
There in that hollowed rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head,
By flowering umbrage shaded, where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh,

Now while I taſte the ſweetneſs of the ſhade,
While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in noon,
Now come, bold Fancy, ſpread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the Torrid zone;
Climes unrelenting! with whoſe rage compar'd
Yon' blaze is feeble, and yon' ſkies are cool.
See how at once the bright effulgent ſun,
Riſing direct, ſwift chaſes from the ſky
The ſhort-liv'd twilight, and with ardent blaze
Looks gaily fierce o'er all the dazzling air:
He mounts his throne; but kind before him ſends,
Iſſuing from out the portals of the Morn,
The general breeze*, to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreſhment on a fainting world.
Great are the ſcenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
And barbarous wealth, that ſee, each circling year,
Returning ſuns and double ſeaſons paſs†;
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy riſe,
Whence many a burſting ſtream auriferous plays;
Majeſtic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above ſtage, high waving o'er the hills;
Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,

* Which blows conſtantly between the tropics from the eaſt, or the collateral points, the north-eaſt and ſouth-eaſt; cauſed by the preſſure of the rarified air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the ſun from eaſt to weſt.

† In all climates between the tropics, the ſun, as he paſſes and repaſſes in his annual motion, is twice a-year vertical, which produces this effect.

A boundleſs, deep immenſity of ſhade.
Here lofty trees, to ancient ſong unknown,
The noble ſons of potent heat and floods,
Prone-ruſhing from the clouds, rear high to heaven
Their thorny ſtems, and broad around them throw
Meridian bloom: here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits of keen delicious taſte
And vital ſpirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning ſands that bank the ſhrubby vales,
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.
  Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves,
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing thro' the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me, reclin'd,
Beneath the ſpreading tamarind, that ſhakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the maſſy locuſt ſheds.
Quench my hot limbs, or lead me thro' the maze,
Embowering endleſs, of the Indian fig;
Or thrown at gayer eaſe on ſome fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmetos lift their graceful ſhade:
Or, ſtretch'd amid theſe orchards of the ſun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freſhening wine!
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice

Which Bacchus pours. Nor on its ſlender twigs,
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate ſcorn'd;
Nor, creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft' in humble ſtation dwells
Unboaſtful Worth, above faſtidious Pomp.
Witneſs, thou beſt anâna, thou, the pride
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imag'd in the Golden Age:
Quick let me ſtrip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambroſial ſtores, and feaſt with Jove!
  From theſe the proſpect varies. Plains immenſe
Lie ſtretch'd below, interminable meads,
And vaſt ſavannahs, where the wand'ring eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean loſt.
Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
And richer ſweets, beyond our gardens' pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and ſhowers, with ſudden hand,
Exuberant ſpring; for oft' theſe vallies ſhift
Their green-embroidered robe to fiery brown,
And ſwift to green again, as ſcorching ſuns
Or ſtreaming dews and torrent rains prevail.
  Along theſe lonely regions, where retir'd
From little ſcenes of art great Nature dwells
In awful ſolitude, and nought is ſeen
But the wild herds that own no maſter's ſtall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fatt'ning ſeas,
On whoſe luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
Like a fallen cedar, far diffus'd his train,

Cas'd in green ſcales, the crocodile extends.
The flood diſparts ; behold ! in plaited mail
Behemoth * rears his head. Glanc'd from his ſide
The darted ſteel in idle ſhivers flies ;
He fearleſs walks the plain or ſeeks the hills,
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmleſs ſtranger wondering gaze.
   Peaceful beneath primeval trees, that caſt
Their ample ſhade o'er Niger's yellow ſtream,
And where the Ganges rolls his ſacred wave,
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High-rais'd in ſolemn theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant, wiſeſt of brutes !
O truly wiſe! with gentle might endow'd,
Tho' powerful, not deſtructive ! here he ſees
Revolving ages ſweep the changeful earth,
And empires riſe and fall, regardleſs, he,
Of what the never-reſting race of men
Project ; thrice happy ! could he 'ſcape their guile
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his ſteps,
Or with his towery grandeur ſwell their ſtate,
The pride of kings ! or elſe his ſtrength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Aſtoniſh'd at the madneſs of mankind.
   Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid bloſſoms glowing from afar,

* The hippopotamus, or river-horſe.

Thick ſwarm the brighter birds; for Nature's hand,
That with a ſportive vanity has deck'd
The plumy nations, there her gayeſt hues
Profuſely pours. But if ſhe bids them ſhine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet, frugal ſtill, ſhe humbles them in ſong *.
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whoſe legions caſt
A boundleſs radiance waving on the ſun,
While Philomel is ours; while in our ſhades,
Thro' the ſoft ſilence of the liſtening night,
The ſober-ſuited ſongſtreſs trills her lay.
  But come, my Muſe! the deſert-barrier burſt,
A wild expanſe of lifeleſs ſand and ſky;
And, ſwifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar, ardent climb
The Nubian mountains, and the ſecret bounds
Of jealous Abyſſinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the maſk
Of ſocial Commerce com'ſt to rob their wealth;
No holy fury thou, blaſpheming Heaven,
With conſecrated ſteel to ſtab their peace,
And thro' the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To ſpread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmleſs bee, may'ſt freely range
From mead to mead, bright with exalted flowers,

* In all the regions of the Torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are obſerved to be leſs melodious than ours.

From jaſmine grove to grove may'ſt wander gay,
Thro' palmy ſhades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, inveſt the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave:
There on the breezy ſummit ſpreading fair
For many a league, or on ſtupendous rocks,
That from the ſun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air their lawny tops,
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas riſe,
And gardens ſmile around, and cultured fields,
And fountains guſh, and careleſs herds and flocks
Securely ſtray, a world within itſelf,
Diſdaining all aſſault; there let me draw
Ethereal ſoul, there drink reviving gales,
Profuſely breathing from the ſpicy groves
And vales of fragrance; there at diſtance hear
The roaring floods and cataracts, that ſweep
From diſembowel'd earth the virgin gold,
And o'er the varied landſcape reſtleſs rove,
Fervent with life of every fairer kind;
A land of wonders! which the ſun ſtill eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.
  How chang'd the ſcene! In blazing height of noon
The ſun, oppreſs'd, is plung'd in thickeſt gloom.
Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round
Of ſtruggling night and day, malignant mix'd:
For to the hot equator crowding faſt,

Where, highly rarify'd, the yielding air
Admits their ſtream, inceſſant vapours roll,
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd;
Or whirl'd tempeſtuous by the guſty wind,
Or ſilent borne along, heavy and ſlow,
With the big ſtores of ſteaming oceans charg'd.
Meantime amid theſe upper ſeas, condens'd
Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,
And by conflicting winds together daſh'd,
The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne;
From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental war
Diſſolv'd, the whole precipitated maſs
Unbroken floods and ſolid torrents pours.
 The treaſures theſe hid from the bounded ſearch
Of ancient knowledge, whence, with annual pomp,
Rich king of Floods o'erflows the ſwelling Nile.
From his two ſprings, in Gojam's ſunny realm,
Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his infant ſtream:
There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he ſports away
His playful youth amid the fragrant iſles,
That with unfading verdure ſmile around.
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks,
And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellowed treaſures of the ſky,
Winds in progreſſive majeſty along.
Thro' ſplendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,

Now wanders wild o'er ſolitary tracts
Of life-deſerted ſand, till, glad to quit
The joyleſs deſert, down the Nubian rocks
From thundering ſteep to ſteep he pours his urn,
And Egypt joys beneath the ſpreading wave.
His brother Niger, too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
Their jetty limbs, and all that from the tract
Of woody mountains ſtretch'd thro' gorgeous Ind
Fall on Cormandel's coaſt or Malabar,
From Menam's * orient ſtream, that nightly ſhines
With inſect-lamps, to where Aurora ſheds
On Indus' ſmiling banks the roſy ſhower,
All, at this bounteous ſeaſon, ope their urns,
And pour untoiling harveſt o'er the land.
Nor leſs thy world, Columbus! drinks, refreſh'd,
The laviſh moiſture of the melting year.
Wide o'er his iſles the branching Oronoque
Rolls a brown deluge, and the native drives
To dwell aloft on life-ſufficing trees,
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thouſand ſtreams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring Andes huge deſcends
The mighty Orellana †. Scarce the Muſe
Dares ſtretch her wing o'er this enormous maſs

* The river that runs through Siam, on whoſe banks a vaſt multitude of thoſe inſects called *fire-flies*, make a beautiful appearance in the night.

† The river of the Amazons.

Of ruſhing water; ſcarce ſhe dares attempt
The ſea-like Plata, to whoſe dread expanſe,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of courſe,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
In ſilent dignity, they ſweep along,
And traverſe realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
And fruitful deſerts, worlds of ſolitude,
Where the ſun ſmiles, and ſeaſons teem, in vain,
Unſeen, and unenjoy'd. Forſaking theſe,
O'er peopled plains they fair-diffuſive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle ſafe,
In their ſoft boſom, many a happy iſle;
The ſeat of blameleſs Pan, yet undiſturb'd
By Chriſtian crimes and Europe's cruel ſons;
Thus pouring on they proudly ſeek the deep,
Whoſe vanquiſh'd tide, recoiling from the ſhock,
Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe,
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

But what avails this wondrous waſte of wealth?
This gay profuſion of luxurious bliſs?
This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
By vagrant birds diſpers'd, and wafting winds,
What their unplanted fruits? what the cool draughts,
Th' ambroſial food, rich gums, and ſpicy health,
Their foreſts yield? Their toiling inſects what,
Their ſilky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treaſures, hid

Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
Golconda's gems, and ſad Potoſi's mines,
Where dwelt the gentleſt children of the Sun?
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and ſhining ivory ſtores?
Ill-fated Race! the ſoftening arts of peace
Whate'er the humanizing Muſes teach,
The godlike wiſdom of the tempered breaſt,
Progreſſive Truth, the patient force of thought,
Inveſtigation calm, whoſe ſilent powers
Command the world, the Light that leads to Heaven,
Kind equal rule, the government of Laws,
And all-protecting Freedom, which alone
Suſtains the name and dignity of Man,
Theſe are not theirs. The parent-ſun himſelf
Seems o'er this world of ſlaves to tyrannize,
And with oppreſſive ray the roſeate bloom
Of beauty blaſting, gives the gloomy hue
And feature groſs; or, worſe, to ruthleſs deeds,
Mad Jealouſy, blind Rage, and fell Revenge,
Their fervid ſpirit fires. Love dwells not there;
The ſoft regards, the tenderneſs of life,
The heart-ſhed tear, th' ineffable delight
Of ſweet Humanity! theſe court the beam
Of milder climes; in ſelfiſh fierce deſire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous ſenſe,
There loſt. The very brute creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo! the green ſerpent, from his dark abode,
Which even Imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth iſſuing, gathers up his train,
In orbs immenſe, then darting out anew,
Seeks the refreſhing fount, by which diffus'd
He throws his folds; and while with threat'ning tongue
And deathful jaws erect the monſter curls
His flaming creſt, all other thirſt appall'd,
Or ſhivering flies, or check'd at diſtance ſtands,
Nor dares approach. But ſtill more direful he,
The ſmall cloſe-lurking miniſter of Fate,
Whoſe high-concocted venom thro' the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arreſting ſwift
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
This child of vengeful Nature! there, ſublim'd
To fearleſs luſt of blood, the ſavage race
Roam, licens'd by the ſhading hour of Guilt
And foul Miſdeed, when the pure Day has ſhut
His ſacred eye. The tiger, darting fierce,
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd;
The lively-ſhining leopard, ſpeckled o'er
With many a ſpot, the beauty of the waſte;
And, ſcorning all the taming arts of man,
The keen hyæna, felleſt of the fell.
Theſe ruſhing from th' inhoſpitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufted iſles
That verdant riſe amid the Lybian wild,
Innumerous glare around their ſhaggy king,

Majeſtic, ſtalking o'er the printed ſand,
And with imperious and repeated roars
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian ſwain; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural eaſe,
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. Th' awakened village ſtarts,
And to her fluttering breaſt the mother ſtrains
Her thoughtleſs infant. From the pirate's den,
Or ſtern Morocco's tyrant-fang eſcap'd,
The wretch half-wiſhes for his bonds again;
While, uproar all, the wilderneſs reſounds,
From Atlas eaſtward to the frighted Nile.
  Unhappy he! who from the firſt of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he ſits,
And views the main that ever toils below,
Still fondly forming in the fartheſt verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim-diſcovered, dropping from the clouds:
At evening, to the ſetting ſun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpleſs, while the wonted roar is up,
And hiſs continual thro' the tedious night.
Yet here, even here, into theſe black abodes
Of monſters, unappall'd, from ſtooping Rome,
And guilty Cæſar, Liberty retir'd,

Her Cato following thro' Numidian wilds,
Diſdainful of Campania's gentle plains,
And all the green delights Auſonia pours,
When for them ſhe muſt bend the ſervile knee,
And fawning take the ſplendid robber's boon.
Nor ſtop the terrors of theſe regions here.
Commiſſion'd demons oft', angels of wrath,
Let looſe the raging elements. Breath'd hot
From all the boundleſs furnace of the ſky,
And the wide-glittering waſte of burning ſand,
A ſuffocating wind the pilgrim ſmites
With inſtant death. Patient of thirſt and toil,
Son of the deſert! even the camel feels,
Shot thro' his withered heart, the fiery blaſt:
Or from the black-red ether, burſting broad,
Sallies the ſudden whirlwind. Straight the ſands,
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play:
Nearer and nearer ſtill they darkening come,
Till with the general all-involving ſtorm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds ariſe,
And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
Or ſunk at night in ſad diſaſtrous ſleep,
Beneath deſcending hills the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded ſtreets
Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca ſaddens at the long delay.
But chief at ſea, whoſe every flexile wave
Obeys the blaſt, the aërial tumult ſwells.

In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
The circling Typhon*, whirl'd from point to point,
Exhauſting all the rage of all the ſky,
And dire Ecnephia * reign. Amid the heavens,
Falſely ſerene, deep in a cloudy ſpeck †
Compreſs'd, the mighty tempeſt brooding dwells,
Of no regard ſave to the ſkilful eye:
Fiery and foul, the ſmall prognoſtic hangs
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Muſters its force: a faint deceitful calm,
A fluttering gale, the demon ſends before,
To tempt the ſpreading ſail; then down at once,
Precipitant, deſcends a mingled maſs
Of roaring winds, and flame, and ruſhing floods.
In wild amazement fix'd the ſailor ſtands.
Art is too ſlow: by rapid Fate oppreſs'd,
His broad-wing'd veſſel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the boſom of the black abyſs.
With ſuch mad ſeas the daring Gama ‡ fought
For many a day and many a dreadful night,
Inceſſant lab'ring round the ſtormy Cape,
By bold Ambition led, and bolder thirſt
Of gold: for then from ancient gloom emerg'd

* Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular ſtorms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

† Called by ſailors the *Ox-eye*, being in appearance, at firſt, no bigger.

‡ Vaſco de Gama, the firſt who failed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope, to the Eaſt-Indies.

The riſing world of Trade; the Genius then
Of Navigation, that in hopeleſs ſloth
Had ſlumber'd on the vaſt Atlantic deep
For idle ages, ſtarting, heard, at laſt,
The Luſitanian Prince*, who, Heaven-inſpir'd,
To love of uſeful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world.
Increaſing ſtill the terrors of theſe ſtorms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate
Here dwells the direful ſhark. Lur'd by the ſcent
Of ſteaming crowds, of rank diſeaſe, and death,
Behold! he ruſhing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ſhip along,
And from the partners of that cruel trade,
Which ſpoils unhappy Guinea of her ſons,
Demands his ſhare of prey; demands themſelves.
The ſtormy Fates deſcend: one death involves
Tyrants and ſlaves; when ſtraight their mangled limbs
Craſhing at once, he dyes the purple ſeas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.
When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immenſe, looks out the joyleſs ſun,
And draws the copious ſteam from ſwampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes deſtructive myriads; or from woods,
Impenetrable ſhades, receſſes foul,

* Don Henry, third ſon to John I. king of Portugal. His ſtrong genius to the diſcovery of new countries was the chief ſource of all the modern improvements in navigation.

In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
Whoſe gloomy horrors yet no deſperate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce, then, waſteful, forth
Walks the dire Power of peſtilent diſeaſe.
A thouſand hideous fiends her courſe attend,
Sick Nature blaſting, and to heartleſs woe,
And feeble deſolation caſting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of Man:
Such as, of late, at Carthagena quench'd
The Britiſh fire. You, gallant Vernon! ſaw
The miſerable ſcene; you, pitying, ſaw
To infant-weakneſs ſunk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghaſtly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamleſs eye,
No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
Of agonizing ſhips from ſhore to ſhore:
Heard nightly plung'd amid the ſullen waves
The frequent corſe, while on each other fix'd,
In ſad preſage, the blank aſſiſtants ſeem'd,
Silent, to aſk whom Fate would next demand.
   What need I mention thoſe inclement ſkies,
Where, frequent o'er the ſickening city Plague,
The fierceſt child of Nemeſis divine,
Deſcends? From Ethiopia's poiſoned woods *,
From ſtifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
With locuſt-armies putrefying heap'd,

* Theſe are the cauſes ſuppoſed to be the firſt origin of the plague, in Dr. Mead's elegant book on that ſubject.

This great deſtroyer ſprung. Her awful rage
The brutes eſcape: man is her deſtin'd prey,
Intemperate man! and o'er his guilty domes
She draws a cloſe incumbent cloud of death,
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholeſome breeze, and ſtain'd
With many a mixture by the ſun, ſuffus'd,
Of angry aſpect. Princely Wiſdom, then,
Dejects his watchful eye, and from the hand
Of feeble Juſtice, ineffectual, drop
The ſword and balance: mute the voice of Joy,
And huſh'd the clamour of the buſy world:
Empty the ſtreets, with uncouth verdure clad;
Into the worſt of deſerts ſudden turn'd
The cheerful haunt of men; unleſs eſcap'd
From the doom'd houſe where matchleſs Horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous Fear, the ſmitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks looſe, and, loud to heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman, and unwiſe. The ſullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors ſociety.
Dependents, friends, relations, Love himſelf,
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
The ſweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their ſelfiſh care; the circling ſky,
The wide enlivening air, is full of fate;
And, ſtruck by turns, in ſolitary pangs

They fall, unbleſt, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the proſtrate city black Deſpair
Extends her raven wing, while, to complete
The ſcene of deſolation, ſtretch'd around
The grim guards ſtand, denying all retreat,
And give the flying wretch a better death.
Much yet remains unſung: the rage intenſe
Of brazen-vaulted ſkies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine ſtarve the blaſted year;
Fir'd by the torch of Noon to tenfold rage,
The infuriate hill, that ſhoots the pillar'd flame;
And, rous'd within the ſubterranean world,
Th' expanding earthquake, that reſiſtleſs ſhakes
Aſpiring cities from their ſolid baſe,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulf.
But 'tis enough: return, my vagrant Muſe,
A nearer ſcene of horror calls thee home.
Behold! ſlow-ſettling o'er the lurid grove
Unuſual darkneſs broods, and, growing, gains
The full poſſeſſion of the ſky, ſurcharg'd
With wrathful vapour, from the ſecret beds
Where ſleep the mineral generations drawn.
Thence nitre, ſulphur, and the fiery ſpume
Of fat bitumen, ſteaming on the day,
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame
Pollute the ſky, and in yon' baleful cloud
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment, till by the touch ethereal rous'd,

The daſh of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious ſpring. A boding ſilence reigns
Dread thro' the dun expanſe, ſave the dull ſound
That from the mountain, previous to the ſtorm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, diſturbs the flood,
And ſhakes the foreſt-leaf without a breath.
Prone to the loweſt vale the aërial tribes
Deſcend: the tempeſt-loving raven ſcarce
Dares wing the dubious duſk. In rueful gaze
The cattle ſtand, and on the ſcowling heavens
Caſt a deploring eye, by man forſook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him faſt,
Or ſeeks the ſhelter of the downward cave.
'Tis liſtening fear and dumb amazement all;
When to the ſtartled eye the ſudden glance
Appears far ſouth, eruptive thro' the cloud,
And following ſlower, in exploſion vaſt,
The Thunder raiſes his tremendous voice.
At firſt, heard ſolemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempeſt growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flaſh a larger curve, and more
The noiſe aſtounds; till over-head a ſheet
Of livid flame diſcloſes wide, then ſhuts,
And opens wider; ſhuts and opens ſtill
Expanſive, wrapping ether in a blaze:
Follows the looſen'd aggravated roar,

Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Cruſh'd horrible, convulſing heaven and earth.
Down comes a deluge of ſonorous hail,
Or prone-deſcending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning ſtruggles thro',
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the ſtroke, above, the ſmouldering pine
Stands a ſad ſhatter'd trunk; and, ſtretch'd below,
A lifeleſs group the blaſted cattle lie:
Here the ſoft flocks, with that ſame harmleſs look
They wore alive, and ruminating ſtill
In Fancy's eye, and there the frowning bull,
And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the caſtled cliff,
The venerable tower and ſpiry fane
Reſign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flaſh, and from their deep receſs
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates ſhake.
Amid Caernarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercuſſive roar: with mighty cruſh,
Into the flaſhing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the ſky,
Tumble the ſmitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak,
Diſſolving, inſtant yields his wintry load.
Far-ſeen the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulè bellows thro' her utmoſt iſles.
Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply-troubled thought;

And yet not always on the guilty head
Deſcends the fated flaſh. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchleſs pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The ſame, diſtinguiſh'd by their ſex alone;
Her's the mild luſtre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the riſen day.

They lov'd; but ſuch their guileleſs paſſion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of Innocence and undiſſembling Truth.
'Twas friendſhip heighten'd by the mutual wiſh,
Th' enchanting hope, and ſympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer ſelf,
Supremely happy in th' awakened power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the ſhades,
Still in harmonious intercourſe thy liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or ſigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So paſs'd their life, a clear united ſtream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempeſt caught them on the tender walk,
Heedleſs how far and where its mazes ſtray'd,
While with each other bleſt, creative Love
Still bade eternal Eden ſmile around.
Preſaging inſtant fate, her boſom heav'd
Unwonted ſighs, and ſtealing oft' a look
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye

Fell tearful, wetting her diſordered cheek.
In vain aſſuring love, and confidence
In Heaven, repreſs'd her fear; it grew, and ſhook
Her frame near diſſolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying ſaints, his eyes compaſſion ſhed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he ſaid,
"Sweet Innocence! thou ſtranger to offence,
"And inward ſtorm! He who yon' ſkies involves
"In frowns of darkneſs, ever ſmiles on thee
"With kind regard. O'er thee the ſecret ſhaft
"That waſtes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
"Of noon, flies harmleſs; and that very voice
"Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
"With tongues of ſeraphs whiſpers peace to thine.
"'Tis ſafety to be near thee, ſure, and thus
"To claſp Perfection!" From his void embrace,
Myſterious Heaven! that moment to the ground,
A blackened corſe, was ſtruck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he ſtood
Pierc'd by ſevere amazement, hating life,
Speechleſs, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint reſemblance! on the marble tomb
The well-diſſembled mourner ſtooping ſtands,
For ever ſilent, and for ever ſad.

As from the face of heaven the ſhattered clouds
Tumultuous rove, th' interminable ſky
Sublimer ſwells, and o'er the world expands

A purer azure. Thro' the lightened air
A higher luſtre and a clearer calm,
Diffuſive, tremble; while, as if in ſign
Of danger paſt, a glittering robe of joy
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Inveſts the fields, and Nature ſmiles, reviv'd.
'Tis beauty all and grateful ſong around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.
And ſhall the hymn be marr'd by thankleſs Man,
Moſt favour'd, who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, ſo ſoon forgetful of the hand
That huſh'd the thunder, and ſerenes the ſky,
Extinguiſh'd feel that ſpark the tempeſt wak'd,
That ſenſe of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has loſt its fears?
Cheer'd by the milder beam, the ſprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whoſe cryſtal depth
A ſandy bottom ſhews. A while he ſtands,
Gazing th' inverted landſcape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below,
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon treſſes and his roſy cheek
Inſtant emerge, and thro' th' obedient wave,
At each ſhort breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an eaſy-winding path,

While from his poliſh'd ſides a dewy light
Effuſes on the pleas'd ſpectators round.
  This is the pureſt exerciſe of health,
The kind refreſher of the ſummer heats;
Nor when cold Winter keens the brightening flood
Would I, weak-ſhivering, linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft' preſerv'd,
By the bold ſwimmer, in the ſwift illapſe
Of accident diſaſtrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the ſame Roman arm
That roſe victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
Firſt learn'd, while tender, to ſubdue the wave.
Even from the body's purity the mind
Receives a ſecret ſympathetic aid.
  Cloſe in the covert of an hazel copſe,
Where winded into pleaſing ſolitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon ſat,
Penſive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs:
There to the ſtream that down the diſtant rocks
Hoarſe-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
Among the bending willows, falſely he
Of Muſidora's cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame; but deep within her breaſt,
In baſhful coyneſs, or in maiden pride,
The ſoft return conceal'd, ſave when it ſtole
In ſide-long glances from her downcaſt eye,
Or from her ſwelling ſoul in ſtifled ſighs.
Touch'd by the ſcene, no ſtranger to his vows,

He fram'd a melting lay to try her heart,
And if an infant paſſion ſtruggled there,
To call that paſſion forth. Thrice happy ſwain!
A lucky chance, that oft' decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine;
For, lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Muſidora ſought:
Warm in her cheek the ſultry ſeaſon glow'd;
And, rob'd in looſe array, ſhe came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreſhing ſtream.
What ſhall he do? In ſweet confuſion loſt,
And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
A pure ingenuous elegance of ſoul,
A delicate refinement, known to few,
Perplex'd his breaſt, and urg'd him to retire;
But Love forbade. Ye Prudes, in virtue, ſay,
Say, ye Severeſt, what would you have done?
Mean time this fairer nymph than ever bleſt
Arcadian ſtream, with timid eye around
The banks ſurveying, ſtripp'd her beauteous limbs,
To taſte the lucid coolneſs of the flood.
Ah, then! not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted ſtronger, when aſide
The rival-goddeſſes the veil divine
Caſt unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou, as from the ſnowy leg
And ſlender foot th' inverted ſilk ſhe drew;
As the ſoft touch diſſolv'd the virgin zone,

And thro' the parting robe th' alternate breaſt,
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawleſs gaze
In full luxuriance roſe. But, deſperate youth,
How durſt thou riſque the ſoul-diſtracting view,
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious ſwell'd by Nature's fineſt hand,
In folds looſe-floating fell the fainter lawn,
And fair-expos'd ſhe ſtood, ſhrunk from herſelf,
With fancy bluſhing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and ſtarting like the fearful fawn?
Then to the flood ſhe ruſh'd; the parted flood
Its lovely gueſt with cloſing waves receiv'd,
And every beauty ſoftening, every grace
Fluſhing anew, a mellow luſtre ſhed;
As ſhines the lily thro' the cryſtal mild,
Or as the roſe amid the morning dew,
Freſh from Aurora's hand, more ſweetly glows.
While thus ſhe wanton'd, now beneath the wave
But ill-conceal'd, and now with ſtreaming locks,
That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
Riſing again, the latent Damon drew
Such mad'ning draughts of beauty to the ſoul,
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at laſt,
By love's reſpectful modeſty, he deem'd
The theft profane, if aught profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd; and, ſtruggling from the ſhade
With headlong hurry fled; but firſt theſe lines,

Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my Fair!
" Yet unbeheld, ſave by the ſacred eye
" Of faithful Love. I go to guard thy haunt,
" To keep from thy receſs each vagrant foot,
" And each licentious eye." With wild ſurpriſe,
As if to marble ſtruck, devoid of ſenſe,
A ſtupid moment motionleſs ſhe ſtood:
So ſtands the ſtatue* that enchants the world;
So bending tries to veil the matchleſs boaſt,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
Recovering, ſwift ſhe flew to find thoſe robes
Which bliſsful Eden knew not; and, array'd
In careleſs haſte, th' alarming paper ſnatch'd:
But when her Damon's well-known hand ſhe ſaw,
Her terrors vaniſh'd, and a ſofter train
Of mixt emotions, hard to be deſcrib'd,
Her ſudden boſom ſeiz'd: ſhame void of guilt,
The charming bluſh of innocence, eſteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modeſty exalted; even a ſenſe
Of ſelf-approving beauty ſtole acroſs
Her buſy thought. At length a tender calm
Huſh'd by degrees the tumult of her ſoul,
And on the ſpreading beech, that o'er the ſtream
Incumbent hung, ſhe with the ſylvan pen
Of rural lovers this confeſſion carv'd,

* The Venus of Medici.

Which ſoon her Damon kiſs'd with weeping joy:
" Dear youth! ſole judge of what theſe verſes mean,
" By Fortune too much favour'd, but by Love,
" Alas! not favour'd leſs, be ſtill, as now,
" Diſcreet: the time may come you need not fly."
The ſun has loſt his rage; his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth
And vital luſtre; that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, thoſe beauteous robes of heaven
Inceſſant roll'd into romantic ſhapes,
The dream of waking fancy! Broad below,
Covered with ripening fruits, and ſwelling faſt
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the ſoft hour
Of walking comes, for him who lonely loves
To ſeek the diſtant hills, and there converſe
With Nature, there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic ſong to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attun'd to happy uniſon of ſoul,
To whoſe exalting eye a fairer world,
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpſe,
Diſplays its charms, whoſe minds are richly fraught
With philoſophic ſtores, ſuperior light,
And in whoſe breaſt, enthuſiaſtic, burns
Virtue the ſons of Intereſt deem romance,
Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day;
Now to the verdant portico of woods,

To Nature's vaſt Lyceum, forth they walk ;
By that kind ſchool where no proud maſter reigns,
The full free converſe of the friendly heart,
Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
Sacred to ſweet retirement, lovers ſteal,
And pour their ſouls in tranſport, which the ſire
Of Love, approving, hears, and calls it Good.
Which way, Amanda, ſhall we bend our courſe?
The choice perplexes. Wherefore ſhould we chuſe?
All is the ſame with thee. Say, ſhall we wind
Along the ſtreams? or walk the ſmiling mead?
Or court the foreſt glade? or wander wild
Among the waving harveſts? or aſcend,
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Shene*? Here let us ſweep
The boundleſs landſcape: now the raptur'd eye,
Exulting ſwift, to huge Auguſta ſend,
Now to the Siſter-hills † that ſkirt her plain;
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majeſtic Windſor lifts his princely brow.
In lovely contraſt to this glorious view,
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the ſilver Thames firſt rural grows:
There let the feaſted eye unwearied ſtray;
Luxurious, there rove thro' the pendent woods
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;

* The old name of Richmond, ſignifying in Saxon *Shining*, or *Splendour*.

† Highgate and Hampſtead.

And, ſtooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
Beneath whoſe ſhades, in ſpotleſs peace retir'd,
With her the pleaſing partner of his heart,
The worthy Queensb'ry yet laments his Gay,
And poliſh'd Cornbury wooes the willing Muſe,
Slow let us trace the matchleſs vale of Thames,
Fair-winding up to where the Muſes haunt
In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
The healing God *; to royal Hampton's pile,
To Clermont's terraſs'd height, and Eſher's groves,
Where in the ſweeteſt ſolitude, embrac'd
By the ſoft windings of the ſilent Mole,
From courts and ſenates Pelham finds repoſe.
Inchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muſe
Has of Achaia or Heſperia ſung!
O vale of bliſs! O ſoftly-ſwelling hills!
On which the power of Cultivation lies,
And joys to ſee the wonders of his toil.
Heavens! what a goodly proſpect ſpreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and ſpires,
And glittering towns, and gilded ſtreams, till all
The ſtretching landſcape into ſmoke decays!
Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts,
Inſpiring vigour, Liberty abroad
Walks unconfin'd, even to thy fartheſt cotts,
And ſcatters plenty with unſparing hand.
Rich is thy ſoil, and merciful thy clime;

* In his laſt ſickneſs.

Thy ſtreams unfailing in the Summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy vallies float
With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberleſs; while roving round their ſides
Bellow the blackening herds in luſty droves.
Beneath thy meadows glow, and riſe unquell'd
Againſt the mower's ſcythe. On every hand
Thy villas ſhine. Thy country teems with wealth,
And Property aſſures it to the ſwain,
Pleas'd and unwearied in his guarded toil.
  Full are thy cities with the ſons of Art,
And Trade and Joy in every buſy ſtreet
Mingling are heard: even Drudgery himſelf,
As at the car he ſweats, or duſty hews
The palace-ſtone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where riſing maſts an endleſs proſpect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the ſhouts
Of hurried ſailor, as he hearty waves
His laſt adieu, and, looſening every ſheet,
Reſigns the ſpreading veſſel to the wind.
  Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardſhip ſinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go, and firſt
Or on the lifted plain or ſtormy ſeas.
Mild are thy glories, too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful ſires preſide;
In genius and ſubſtantial learning high;
For every virtue, every worth renown'd;

Sincere, plain-hearted, hoſpitable, kind;
Yet, like the muſtering thunder, when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the ſole reſource
Of thoſe that under grim Oppreſſion groan.
  Thy ſons of glory many! Alfred! thine,
In whom the ſplendour of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whoſe hallowed name the Virtues ſaint,
And his own Muſes love; the beſt of kings!
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys ſhine,
Names dear to Fame! the firſt who deep-impreſs'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
That awes her Genius ſtill. In ſtateſmen thou,
And patriots, fertile. Thine a ſteady More,
Who, with a generous tho' miſtaken zeal,
Withſtood a brutal tyrant's direful rage;
Like Cato firm, like Ariſtides juſt,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
A dauntleſs ſoul, erect, who ſmil'd on death.
Frugal, and wiſe, a Walſingham is thine;
A Drake, who made thee Miſtreſs of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy ſpirit high: but who can ſpeak
The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign?
In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;
Raleigh! the ſcourge of Spain! whoſe breaſt with all
The ſage, the patriot, and the hero, burn'd:
Nor ſunk his vigour when a coward-reign

The warrior fetter'd, and at laſt reſign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquiſh'd foe.
Then, active ſtill and unreſtrain'd, his mind
Explor'd the vaſt extent of ages paſt,
And with his priſon-hours enrich'd the world,
Yet found no times, in all the long reſearch,
So glorious or ſo baſe as thoſe he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the Muſe the gallant Sidney paſs,
The plume of War! with early laurels crown'd,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay,
A Hampden, too, is thine, illuſtrious Land!
Wiſe, ſtrenuous, firm, of unſubmitting ſoul,
Who ſtemm'd the torrent of a downward age,
To ſlavery prone, and bade thee riſe again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at his call, thy age of men effulg'd,
Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every ſweeteſt flower, and let me ſtrew
The grave where Ruſſel lies, whoſe temper'd blood,
With calmeſt cheerfulneſs for thee reſign'd,
Stain'd the ſad annals of a giddy reign,
Aiming at lawleſs power, tho' meanly ſunk
In looſe inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the Britiſh Caſſius *, fearleſs bled,
Of high determin'd ſpirit, roughly brave,

* Algernon Sidney.

By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
In awful Sages and in noble Bards,
Soon as the light of dawning Science ſpread
Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muſes' ſong.
Thine is a Bacon, hapleſs in his choice,
Unfit to ſtand the civil ſtorm of ſtate,
And thro' the ſmooth barbarity of courts
With firm but pliant virtue forward ſtill
To urge his courſe; him for the ſtudious ſhade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehenſive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich ſoul
Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd.
The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
Of cloiſter'd monks and jargon-teaching ſchools
Led forth the true Philoſophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words, and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of Heaven! that ſlow-aſcending ſtill,
Inveſtigating ſure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to heaven again.
The generous Aſhley * thine, the friend of man,
Who ſcann'd his nature with a brother's eye,
His weakneſs prompt to ſhade, to raiſe his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the moral beauty charm the heart.
Why need I name thy Boyle, whoſe pious ſearch

* Anthony-Aſhley Cooper, Earl of Shafteſbury.

Amid the dark receſſes of his works
The great Creator ſought? And why thy Locke?
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let Newton, pure intelligence! whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundleſs works
From laws ſublimely ſimple, ſpeak thy fame
In all philoſophy. For lofty ſenſe,
Creative fancy, and inſpection keen
Thro' the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakſpere thine and Nature's boaſt?
Is not each great, each amiable Muſe
Of claſſic ages in thy Milton met?
A genius univerſal as his theme,
Aſtoniſhing as chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven ſublime.
Nor ſhall my verſe that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spenſer, Fancy's pleaſing ſon,
Who like a copious river pour'd his ſong
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground;
Nor thee, his ancient maſter, laughing Sage,
Chaucer, whoſe native manners-painting verſe,
Well-moraliz'd, ſhines thro' the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.
May my ſong ſoften as thy Daughters I,
Britannia! hail; for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, ſimplicity of life,
And elegance and taſte: the faultleſs form,
Shap'd by the hand of Harmony; the cheek

Where the live crimſon, thro' the native white
Soft-ſhooting, o'er the face diffuſes bloom,
And every nameleſs grace; the parted lip,
Like the red roſe-bud moiſt with morning-dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or ſunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck ſlight-ſhaded, and the ſwelling breaſt;
The look reſiſtleſs, piercing to the ſoul,
And by the ſoul inform'd, when, dreſt in love,
She ſits high-ſmiling in the conſcious eye.

Iſland of bliſs! amid the ſubject ſeas
That thunder round thy rocky coaſts ſet up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of diſtant nations, whoſe remoteſt ſhores
Can ſoon be ſhaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be ſhook thyſelf, but all aſſaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud ſea-wave.

O Thou! by whoſe almighty nod the ſcale
Of empire riſes, or alternate falls,
Send forth the ſaving Virtues round the land
In bright patrol; white Peace and ſocial Love;
The tender-looking Charity, intent
On gentle deeds, and ſhedding tears thro' ſmiles;
Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of Mind;
Courage compos'd and keen; ſound Temperance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear Chaſtity,
With bluſhes reddening as ſhe moves along,
Diſorder'd at the deep regard ſhe draws;

Rough Induſtry; Activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake;
While in the radiant front ſuperior ſhines
That firſt paternal virtue, Public Zeal,
Who throws o'er all an equal wide ſurvey,
And, ever muſing on the common weal,
Still labours, glorious, with ſome great deſign.
Low walks the ſun, and broadens by degrees
Juſt o'er the verge of day. The ſhifting clouds,
Aſſembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his ſetting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean, ſmile immenſe. And now,
As if his weary chariot ſought the bowers
Of Amphitritè and her tending nymphs
(So Grecian fable ſung), he dips his orb;
Now half-immers'd, and now a golden curve,
Gives one bright glance, then total diſappears.
For ever running an enchanted round
Paſſes the day, deceitful, vain, and void,
As fleets the viſion o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild th' impaſſion'd ſoul,
The next in nothing loſt. 'Tis ſo to him
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank;
A ſight of horror to the cruel wretch,
Who all day long in ſordid pleaſure roll'd,
Himſelf an uſeleſs load, has ſquander'd vile,
Upon his ſcoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
A drooping family of modeſt worth:

But to the generous ſtill-improving mind,
That gives the hopeleſs heart to ſing for joy,
Diffuſing kind beneficence around,
Boaſtleſs, as now deſcends the ſilent dew,
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.
  Confeſs'd from yonder ſlow-extinguiſh'd clouds,
All ether ſoftening, ſober Evening takes
Her wonted ſtation in the middle air,
A thouſand ſhadows at her beck. Firſt this
She ſends on earth, then that of deeper dye
Steals ſoft behind; and then a deeper ſtill,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To cloſe the face of things. A freſher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and ſtir the ſtream,
Sweeping with ſhadowy guſt the fields of corn,
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thiſtly lawn, as ſwells the breeze,
A whitening ſhower of vegetable down
Amuſive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature nought diſdains; thoughtful to feed
Her loweſt ſons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feathered ſeeds ſhe wings.
  His folded flock ſecure, the ſhepherd home
Hies merry-hearted, and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witleſs heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguiſh means,

Sincerely loves, by that beſt language ſhewn
Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.
Onward they paſs o'er many a panting height,
And valley ſunk, and unfrequented, where
At fall of eve the Fairy people throng,
In various game and revelry, to paſs
The ſummer-night, as village-ſtories tell:
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Againſt his own ſad breaſt to lift the hand
Of impious Violence. The lonely tower
Is alſo ſhun'd, whoſe mournful chambers hold,
So night-ſtruck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghoſt.
  Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem, and thro' the dark
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night, not in her winter-robe
Of maſſy Stygian woof, but looſe array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect ſurfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the ſtraining eye,
While wavering woods, and villages, and ſtreams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
Th' aſcending gleam, are all one ſwimming ſcene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary Viſion turns, where, leading ſoft
The ſilent hours of love, with pureſt ray
Sweet Venus ſhines; and from her genial riſe,

When day-light ſickens till it ſprings afreſh,
Unrival'd reigns the faireſt lamp of night.
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cheriſh'd gaze, the lambent lightnings ſhoot
Acroſs the ſky, or horizontal dart
In wondrous ſhapes, by fearful murmuring crowds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the ſky,
The life-infuſing ſuns of other worlds,
Lo! from the dread immenſity of ſpace
Returning, with accelerated courſe,
The ruſhing comet to the ſun deſcends,
And as he ſinks below the ſhading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens
The guilty nations tremble. But, above
Thoſe ſuperſtitious horrors that enſlave
The fond ſequacious herd, to myſtic faith
And blind amazement prone, th' enlightened few,
Whoſe godlike minds Philoſophy exalts,
The glorious ſtranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought, which, mounting, ſpurns
This duſky ſpot, and meaſures all the ſky;
While from his far excurſion thro' the wilds
Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
They ſee the blazing wonder riſe anew,
In ſeeming terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the will of all-ſuſtaining Love;

From his huge vapoury train perhaps to ſhake
Reviving moiſture on the numerous orbs
Thro' which his long ellipſis winds; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining ſuns,
To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.
With thee, ſerene Philoſophy! with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my ſong,
Effuſive ſource of evidence and truth!
A luſtre ſhedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than ſummer-noon, and pure as that
Whoſe mild vibrations ſooth the parted ſoul,
New to the dawning of celeſtial day.
Hence thro' her nouriſh'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
She ſprings aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling maſs of low deſires,
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of ſcience and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
Or in the ſtarry regions or th' abyſs,
To Reaſon's and to Fancy's eye diſplay'd;
The firſt up-tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of cauſes and effects to him,
The world-producing Eſſence, who alone
Poſſeſſes being; while the laſt receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier ſenſe
Diffuſive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages, and informs the page
With mufic, image, fentiment, and thought,
Never to die, the treafure of mankind!
Their higheft honour, and their trueft joy!
Without thee what were unenlightened Man?
A favage roaming thro' the woods and wilds
In queft of prey, and with th' unfafhioned fur
Rough-clad, devoid of every finer art
And elegance of life. Nor happinefs
Domeftic, mix'd of tendernefs and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor focial blifs,
Nor guardian law, were his; nor various fkill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearlefs braves
The burning line, or dares the wintry pole;
Mother fevere of infinite delights!
Nothing, fave rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a ftill-revolving train!
Whofe horrid circle had made human life
Than non-exiftence worfe; but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace:
To live like brothers, and, conjunctive all,
Embellifh life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, Philofophy directs
The ruling helm; or, like the liberal breath
Of potent Heaven, invifible, the fail
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.

Nor to this evaneſcent ſpeck of earth,
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range, intent to gaze
Creation thro', and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the ſole Being right, who ſpoke the word,
And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view
Thence on th' ideal kingdom ſwift ſhe turns
Her eye, and inſtant, at her powerful glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vaniſh or appear,
Compound, divide, and into order ſhift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train;
To reaſon then, deducing truth from truth,
And notion quite abſtract, where firſt begins
The world of ſpirits, action all, and life
Unfettered, and unmixt. But here the cloud,
So wills eternal Providence, ſits deep:
Enough for us to know that this dark ſtate,
In wayward paſſions loſt and vain purſuits,
This infancy of being, cannot prove
The final iſſue of the works of God,
By boundleſs love and perfect wiſdom form'd,
And ever riſing with the riſing mind.

THE SEASONS.

AUTUMN.

The Argument.

THE ſubject propoſed. Addreſſed to Mr. Onſlow. A proſpect of the fields ready for harveſt. Reflections in praiſe of induſtry, raiſed by that view. Reaping. A Tale relative to it. A harveſt-ſtorm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A deſcription of fogs frequent in the latter part of Autumn; whence a digreſſion, inquiring into the riſe of fountains and rivers. Birds of ſeaſon conſidered, that now ſhift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and weſtern Iſles of Scotland; hence a view of the country. A proſpect of the diſcoloured, fading woods. After a gentle duſky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning; to which ſucceeds a clam, pure, ſun-ſhiny day, ſuch as uſually ſhuts up the ſeaſon. The harveſt being gathered in, the country diſſolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philoſophical country life.

CROWN'D with the ſickle and the wheaten ſheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on, the Doric reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry froſt
Nitrous prepar'd, the various-bloſſom'd Spring
Put in white promiſe forth, and Summer-ſuns
Concocted ſtrong, ruſh boundleſs now to view,
Full, perfect all, and ſwell my glorious theme.
  Onſlow! the Muſe, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inſpire, and dignify her ſong,
Would from the Public Voice thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble cares ſhe knows,

The patriot virtues that diftend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bofom glow,
While liftening fenates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods fweeter than her fong.
But fhe, too, pants for public virtue; fhe,
Tho' weak of power, yet ftrong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country rufhes on her heart,
Affumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.
When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
And Libra weighs in equal fcales the year,
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence fhook
Of parting Summer, a ferener blue,
With golden light enliven'd, wide invefts
The happy world. Attemper'd funs arife,
Sweet-beam'd, and fhedding oft' thro' lucid clouds
A pleafing calm, while broad and brown, below,
Extenfive harvefts hang the heavy head.
Rich, filent, deep, they ftand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poife, and gives the breeze to blow.
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the fky,
The clouds fly different, and the fudden fun
By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
And black, by fits, the fhadows fweep along:
A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view,

Far as the circling eye can ſhoot around,
Unbounded toſſing in a flood of corn.
These are thy bleſſings, Induſtry! rough power!
Whom labour ſtill attends, and ſweat, and pain;
Yet the kind ſource of every gentle art,
And all the ſoft civility of life:
Raiſer of human kind! by Nature caſt
Naked, and helpleſs, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various ſeeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profuſely pour'd around
Materials infinite, but idle all.
Still unexerted, in th' unconſcious breaſt
Slept the lethargic powers; Corruption ſtill,
Voracious, ſwallowed what the liberal hand
Of Bounty ſcatter'd o'er the ſavage year;
And ſtill the ſad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beaſts of prey, or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tuſky boar; a ſhivering wretch!
Aghaſt, and comfortleſs, when the bleak North,
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempeſt fly,
Hail, rain, and ſnow, and bitter-breathing froſt;
Then to the ſhelter of the hut he fled,
And the wild ſeaſon, ſordid, pin'd away:
For home he had not; home is the reſort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where
Supporting and ſupported, poliſh'd friends
And dear relations mingle into bliſs.

But this the rugged ſavage never felt,
Even deſolate in crowds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along!
A waſte of time! till Induſtry approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miſerable ſloth;
His faculties unfolded, pointed out
Where laviſh Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded; ſhew'd him how to raiſe
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent and the gather'd blaſt;
Gave the tall ancient foreſt to his axe;
Taught him to chip the wood and hew the ſtone,
Till by degrees the finiſh'd fabric roſe;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly veſtment warm,
Or bright in gloſſy ſilk and flowing lawn;
With wholeſome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
The generous glaſs around, inſpir'd to wake
The life-refining ſoul of decent Wit;
Nor ſtopp'd at barren bare neceſſity;
But ſtill advancing bolder, led him on
To pomp, to pleaſure, elegance, and grace;
And, breathing high ambition thro' his ſoul,
Set ſcience, wiſdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the Lord of all below.

Then gathering men their natural powers combin'd,

And form'd a public, to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the Patriot Council met, the full,
The free, and fairly repreſented Whole;
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Diſtinguiſh'd orders, animated arts,
And with joint force Oppreſſion chaining, ſet
Imperial Juſtice at the helm; yet ſtill
To them accountable; nor ſlaviſh dream'd
That toiling millions muſt reſign their weal,
And all the honey of their ſearch, to ſuch
As for themſelves alone themſelves have rais'd.
  Hence every form of cultivated life
In order ſet, protected, and inſpir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurſe of art! the City rear'd,
In beauteous pride, her tower-encircled head,
And, ſtretching ſtreet on ſtreet, by thouſands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew,
To bows ſtrong-ſtraining her aſpiring ſons.
  Then Commerce brought into the public walk
The buſy merchant; the big warehouſe built,
Rais'd the ſtrong crane, chok'd up the loaded ſtreet
With foreign plenty, and thy ſtream, O Thames!
Large, gentle, deep, majeſtic, king of floods!
Choſe for his grand reſort. On either hand,
Like a long wint'ry foreſt, groves of maſts

Shot up their ſpires; the bellying ſheet between
Poſſeſs'd the breezy void; the ſooty hulk
Steer'd ſluggiſh on; the ſplendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around
The boat, light-ſkimming, ſtretch'd its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent Toil
From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak,
To bear the Britiſh thunder, black and bold,
The roaring veſſel ruſh'd into the main.

Then, too, the pillar'd dome magnific heav'd
Its ample roof, and Luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering ſtores: the canvaſs ſmooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied roſe; the ſtatue ſeem'd to breathe
And ſoften into fleſh, beneath the touch
Of forming Art, imagination-fluſh'd.

All is the gift of Induſtry; whate'er
Exalts, embelliſhes, and renders life
Delightful. Penſive Winter, cheer'd by him,
Sits at the ſocial fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempeſt idly rave along;
His hardened fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
Without him Summer were an arid waſte,
Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus tranſmit
Thoſe full, mature, immeaſurable ſtores,
That, waving round, recall my wandering ſong.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the ſky,
And unperceiv'd unfolds the ſpreading day,

Before the ripened field the reapers ſtand
In fair array, each by the laſs he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate,
By nameleſs gentle offices, her toil.
At once they ſtoop and ſwell the luſty ſheaves,
While thro' their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural ſcandal, and the rural jeſt,
Fly harmleſs, to deceive the tedious time,
And ſteal, unfelt, the ſultry hours away.
Behind the maſter walks, builds up the ſhocks,
And, conſcious, glancing oft' on every ſide
His ſated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners ſpread around, and here and there,
Spike after ſpike, their ſcanty harveſt pick.
Be not too narrow, Huſbandmen! but fling
From the full ſheaf, with charitable ſtealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful think!
How good the God of Harveſt is to you,
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields,
While theſe unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And aſk their humble dole. The various turns
Of Fortune ponder; that your ſons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.
The lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
And Fortune ſmil'd, deceitful, on her birth:
For in her helpleſs years depriv'd of all,
Of every ſtay ſave Innocence and Heaven,

She with her widowed mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By ſolitude and deep ſurrounding ſhades,
But more by baſhful modeſty, conceal'd.
Together thus they ſhunn'd the cruel ſcorn
Which Virtue, ſunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy Paſſion and low-minded Pride:
Almoſt on Nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that ſung them to repoſe,
Content, and careleſs of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was freſher than the morning roſe,
When the dew wets its leaves; unſtain'd and pure,
As is the lily or the mountain-ſnow.
The modeſt virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground, dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithleſs fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy ſtar
Of evening ſhone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair proportion'd on her poliſh'd limbs,
Veil'd in a ſimple robe, their beſt attire,
Beyond the pomp of dreſs; for Lovelineſs
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the moſt.
Thoughtleſs of beauty, ſhe was Beauty's ſelf,
Recluſe amid the cloſe-embowering woods,

As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild,
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
By strong Necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was! the generous, and the rich!
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
When tyrant Custom had not shackled Man,
But free to follow Nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with Autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye,
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick,
With unaffected blushes, from his gaze.
He saw her charming; but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field;
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd:

"What pity! that ſo delicate a form,
"By Beauty kindled, where enlivening Senſe,
"And more than vulgar Goodneſs, ſeem to dwell,
"Should be devoted to the rude embrace
"Of ſome indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
"Of old Acaſto's line, and to my mind
"Recalls that patron of my happy life,
"From whom my liberal fortune took its riſe,
"Now to the duſt gone down, his houſes, lands,
"And once fair-ſpreading family, diſſolv'd.
"'Tis ſaid that in ſome lone obſcure retreat,
"Urg'd by remembrance ſad, and decent pride,
"Far from thoſe ſcenes which knew their better days,
"His aged widow and his daughter live,
"Whom yet my fruitleſs ſearch could never find.
"Romantic wiſh! would this the daughter were!"
When, ſtriȼt inquiring, from herſelf he found
She was the ſame, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acaſto, who can ſpeak
The mingled paſſions that ſurpris'd his heart,
And thro' his nerves in ſhivering tranſport ran?
Then blaz'd his ſmother'd flame, avow'd, and bold,
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, Gratitude, and Pity, wept at once,
Confus'd, and frightened at his ſudden tears,
Her riſing beauties fluſh'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, paſſionate and juſt,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his ſoul,

"And art thou, then, Acaſto's dear remains?
"She, whom my reſtleſs gratitude has ſought
"So long in vain? O heavens! the very ſame,
"The ſoftened image of my noble friend;
"Alive his every look, his every feature,
"More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring,
"Thou ſole ſurviving bloſſom from the root
"That nouriſh'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
"In what ſequeſtered deſert haſt thou drawn
"The kindeſt aſpect of delighted Heaven!
"Into ſuch beauty ſpread, and blown ſo fair,
"Tho' poverty's cold wind, and cruſhing rain,
"Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
"O let me now into a richer ſoil
"Tranſplant thee ſafe! where vernal ſuns and ſhowers
"Diffuſe their warmeſt, largeſt influence,
"And of my garden be the pride and joy!
"Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
"Acaſto's daughter, his whoſe open ſtores,
"Tho' vaſt, were little to his ampler heart,
"The father of a country, thus to pick
"The very refuſe of thoſe harveſt-fields,
"Which from his bounteous friendſhip I enjoy.
"Then throw that ſhameful pittance from thy hand,
"But ill apply'd to ſuch a rugged taſk;
"The fields, the maſter, all, my Fair! are thine,
"If to the various bleſſings which thy houſe
"Has on me laviſh'd, thou wilt add that bliſs,
"That deareſt bliſs, the power of bleſſing thee!"

Here ceas'd the youth; yet ſtill his ſpeaking eye
Expreſs'd the ſacred triumph of his ſoul,
With conſcious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodneſs irreſiſtible, and all
In ſweet diſorder loſt, ſhe bluſh'd conſent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, ſhe pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd, and ſcarce believing what ſhe heard,
Joy ſeiz'd her withered veins, and one bright gleam
Of ſetting life ſhone on her evening hours;
Not leſs enraptured than the happy pair,
Who flouriſh'd long in tender bliſs, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themſelves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

Defeating oft' the labours of the year,
The ſultry South collects a potent blaſt.
At firſt the groves are ſcarcely ſeen to ſtir
Their trembling tops, and a ſtill murmur runs
Along the ſoft-inclining fields of corn:
But as the aërial tempeſt fuller ſwells,
And in one mighty ſtream, inviſible,
Immenſe, the whole excited atmoſphere
Impetuous ruſhes o'er the ſounding world:
Strain'd to the root the ſtooping foreſt pours
A ruſtling ſhower of yet untimely leaves;
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in

From the bare wild the diſſipated ſtorm,
And ſend it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd and naked to its utmoſt rage,
Thro' all the ſea of harveſt rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide, nor can evade,
Tho' pliant to the blaſt, its ſeizing force,
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waſte: and ſometimes, too, a burſt of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad deſcends
In one continuous flood. Still over-head
The mingling tempeſt weaves its gloom, and ſtill
The deluge deepens, till the fields around
Lie ſunk and flatted in the ſordid wave.
Sudden the ditches ſwell, the meadows ſwim.
Red from the hills innumerable ſtreams
Tumultuous roar, and high above its banks
The river lift, before whoſe ruſhing tide
Herds, flocks and harveſts, cottages and ſwains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had ſpar'd
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes
And well-earn'd treaſures of the painful year.
Fled to ſome eminence, the huſbandman,
Helpleſs, beholds the miſerable wreck
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Deſcending, with his labours ſcattered round,
He ſees; and inſtant o'er his ſhivering thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of clamant children dear. Ye Maſters! then

Be mindful of the rough laborious hand
That ſinks you ſoft in elegance and eaſe;
Be mindful of thoſe limbs, in ruſſet clad,
Whoſe toil to yours is warmth and graceful pride;
And, oh! be mindful of that ſparing board
Which covers yours with luxury profuſe,
Makes your glaſs ſparkle and your ſenſe rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
And all-involving winds have ſwept away.
Here the rude clamour of the ſportſman's joy,
The gun faſt-thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the Muſe to ſing the rural game;
How in his mid-career the ſpaniel, ſtruck
Stiff by the tainted gale, with open noſe,
Outſtretch'd, and finely ſenſible, draws full,
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey:
As in the ſun the circling covey baſk
Their varied plumes, and, watchful every way,
Thro' the rough ſtubble turn the ſecret eye,
Caught in the meſhy ſnare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, entangled more and more;
Nor on the ſurges of the boundleſs air,
Tho' borne triumphant, are they ſafe; the gun,
Glanc'd juſt and ſudden from the fowler's eye,
O'ertakes their ſounding pinions, and again,
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground, or drives them wide diſpers'd,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not ſubjects for the peaceful Muſe,
Nor will ſhe ſtain with ſuch her ſpotleſs ſong,
Then moſt delighted when ſhe ſocial ſees
The whole mix'd animal-creation round
Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her
This falſely cheerful barbarous game of death;
This rage of pleaſure, which the reſtleſs youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
When beaſts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by Neceſſity, had rang'd the dark,
As if their conſcious ravage ſhunn'd the light,
Aſham'd. Not ſo the ſteady tyrant Man,
Who, with the thoughtleſs inſolence of power
Inflam'd, beyond the moſt infuriate wrath
Of the worſt monſter that e'er roam'd the waſte,
For ſport alone purſues the cruel chace,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
Upbraid, ye ravening Tribes! our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawleſs want;
But laviſh fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguiſh, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid boſoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Scar'd from the corn, and now to ſome lone ſeat
Retir'd; the ruſhy fen, the ragged furze;
Stretch'd o'er the ſtony heath, the ſtubble chapt;
The thiſtly lawn, the thick-entangled broom;
Of the ſame friendly hue the withered fern;

The fallow ground laid open to the ſun,
Concoctive; and the nodding ſandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook:
Vain is her beſt precaution, tho' ſhe ſits
Conceal'd, with folded ears, unſleeping eyes,
By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in,
And head couch'd cloſe betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to ſpring away. The ſcented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
In ſcattered ſullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze ſhe hears the coming ſtorm:
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The ſighing gale, ſhe ſprings amaz'd, and all
The ſavage ſoul of Game is up at once:
The pack full-opening, various; the ſhrill horn
Reſounded from the hills; the neighing ſteed,
Wild for the chaſe; and the loud hunter's ſhout;
O'er a weak, harmleſs, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult and diſcordant joy.
The ſtag, too, ſingled from the herd, where long
He rang'd the branching monarch of the ſhades,
Before the tempeſt drives. At firſt, in ſpeed,
He, ſprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,
Gives all his ſwift aërial ſoul to flight.
Againſt the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the leſſening murderous cry behind;
Deception ſhort! tho' fleeter than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountains by the North

He burſts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildeſt wood.
If ſlow, yet ſure, adheſive to the track,
Hot-ſteaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman rout, and from the ſhady depth
Expel him, circling thro' his every ſhift.
He ſweeps the foreſt oft', and, ſobbing, ſees
The glades mild opening to the golden day,
Where in kind conteſt with his butting friends
He wont to ſtruggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft' in the full-deſcending flood he tries
To loſe the ſcent, and lave his burning ſides;
Oft' ſeeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With ſelfiſh care avoid a brother's woe.
What ſhall he do? his once-ſo-vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant ſpirit, now no more
Inſpire the courſe, but fainting breathleſs toil,
Sick, ſeizes on his heart: he ſtands at bay,
And puts his laſt weak refuge in deſpair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguiſh, while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting cheſt,
And mark his beauteous-checkered ſides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the ſylvan youth,
Whoſe fervent blood boils into violence,
Muſt have the chaſe, behold, deſpiſing flight,
The rous'd-up lion, reſolute, and ſlow,
Advancing full on the protended ſpear,

And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf! on him his ſhaggy foe
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die;
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell deſtruction, to the monſter's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.
These Britain knows not. Give, ye Britons! then,
Your ſportive fury, pitileſs, to pour
Looſe on the nightly robber of the fold;
Him from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chaſe purſue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
High-bound, reſiſtleſs; nor the deep moraſs
Refuſe, but thro' the ſhaking wilderneſs
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
Bear fearleſs, of the raging inſtinct full;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph ſound ſonorous, running round
From rock to rock, in circling echos toſt,
Then ſcale the mountains to their woody tops,
Ruſh down the dangerous ſteep, and o'er the lawn,
In fancy ſwallowing up the ſpace between,
Pour all your ſpeed into the rapid game;
For happy he who tops the wheeling chaſe,
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
Diſclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who ſaw the villain ſeiz'd, and dying hard,

Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
Relentlefs torn: O, glorious he, beyond
His daring peers! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghoftly halls of gray renown,
With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur,
Depending decent from the roof, and, fpread
Round the drear walls, with antique figures fierce,
The ftag's large front: he then is loudeft heard,
When the night ftaggers with feverer toils,
With feats Theffalian Centaurs never knew,
And their repeated wonders fhake the dome.
  But firft the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;
The tankards foam; and the ftrong table groans
Beneath the fmoking firloin, ftretch'd immenfe
From fide to fide, in which, with defperate knife,
They deep incifion make, and talk the while
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd
While hence they borrow vigour; or amain
Into the pafty plung'd, at intervals,
If ftomach keen can intervals allow,
Relating all the glories of the chafe.
Then fated Hunger bids his brother Thirft
Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, fteams liberal round,
A potent gale, delicious as the breath
Of Maia to the love-fick fhepherdefs,
On violets diffus'd, while foft fhe hears
Her panting fhepherd ftealing to her arms.

Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years: and now his honeſt front
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
Even with the vineyard's beſt produce to vie.
To cheat the thirſty moments, Whiſt a while
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of ſmoke,
Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice,
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The ſounding gammon: while romp-loving miſs
Is haul'd about in gallantry robuſt.
  At laſt theſe puling idleneſſes laid
Aſide, frequent and full, the dry divan
Cloſe in firm circle, and ſet ardent in
For ſerious drinking. Nor evaſion ſly,
Nor ſober ſhift, is to the puking wretch
Indulg'd apart; but earneſt brimming bowls
Lave every ſoul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithleſs to the fuddled foot.
Thus as they ſwim in mutual ſwill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels faſt from theme to theme; from horſes, hounds,
To church or miſtreſs, politics or ghoſt,
In endleſs mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Mean time, with ſudden interruption, loud
Th' impatient catch burſts from the joyous heart;
That moment touch'd is every kindred ſoul,
And, opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,

The laugh, the ſlap, the jocund curſe, go round,
While,from their ſlumbers ſhook,the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the muſic of the day again.
As when the tempeſt, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls,
So, gradual, ſinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite diſſolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seem dim and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the ſun wading thro' the miſty ſky.
Then ſliding ſoft, they drop. Confus'd above
Glaſſes and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table even itſelf was drunk,
Lie a wet broken ſcene; and wide below
Is heap'd the ſocial ſlaughter; where aſtride
The lubber Power in filthy triumph ſits,
Slumbrous, inclining ſtill from ſide to ſide,
And ſteeps them drench'd in potent ſleep till morn.
Perhaps ſome doctor, of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyſs of drink,
Outlives them all, and from his bury'd flock
Retiring, full of rumination ſad,
Laments the weakneſs of theſe latter times.
But if the rougher ſex by this fierce ſport
Is hurried wild, let not ſuch horrid joy
E'er ſtain the boſom of the Britiſh Fair.
Far be the ſpirit of the chaſe from them!
Uncomely courage, unbeſeeming ſkill;

To ſpring the fence, to rein the prancing ſteed;
The cap, the whip, the maſculine attire,
In which they roughen to the ſenſe, and all
The winning ſoftneſs of their ſex is loſt.
In them 'tis graceful to diſſolve at woe;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready bluſh,
And from the ſmalleſt violence to ſhrink
Unequal, then the lovelieſt in their fears;
And by this ſilent adulation, ſoft,
To their protection more engaging man.
O may their eyes no miſerable ſight,
Save weeping lovers, ſee! a nobler game,
Thro' Love's enchanting wiles purſu'd, yet fled,
In chaſe ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the looſe ſimplicity of dreſs!
And, faſhioned all to harmony, alone
Know they to ſeize the captivated ſoul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
To teach the lute to languiſh; with ſmooth ſtep,
Diſcloſing motion in its every charm,
To ſwim along, and ſwell the mazy dance;
To train the foliage o'er the ſnowy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten Nature's dainties: in their race
To rear their graces into ſecond life;
To give ſociety its higheſt taſte.

Well-ordered home man's beſt delight to make;
And by ſubmiſſive wiſdom, modeſt ſkill,
With every gentle care-eluding art
To raiſe the virtues, animate the bliſs,
And ſweeten all the toils of human life:
This be the female dignity and praiſe!
  Ye Swains! now haſten to the hazel bank,
Where down yon' dale the wildly-winding brook
Falls hoarſe from ſteep to ſteep. In cloſe array,
Fit for the thickets and the tangling ſhrub,
Ye Virgins! come: for you their lateſt ſong
The woodlands raiſe; the cluſtering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the ſecret ſhade,
And, where they burniſh on the topmoſt bough,
With active vigour cruſhes down the tree,
Or ſhakes them ripe from the reſigning huſk;
A gloſſy ſhower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair;
Melinda! form'd with every grace complete,
Yet theſe neglecting, above beauty wiſe,
And far tranſcending ſuch a vulgar praiſe.
  Hence from the buſy joy-reſounding fields,
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze
Of Autumn unconfin'd, and taſte, reviv'd,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow ſhower
Inceſſant melts away. The juicy pear

Lies, in a ſoft profuſion, ſcattered round.
A various ſweetneſs ſwells the gentle race,
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd,
Of tempered ſun and water, earth and air,
In ever-changing compoſition mixt.
Such falling frequent thro' the chiller night,
The fragrant ſtores, the wide projected heaps
Of apples, which the luſty-handed Year,
Innumerous, o'er the bluſhing orchard ſhakes.
A various ſpirit, freſh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
The piercing cyder for the thirſty tongue;
Thy native theme, and boon inſpirer, too,
Phillips! Pomona's bard, the ſecond thou
Who nobly durſt, in rhyme-unfetter'd verſe,
With Britiſh freedom ſing the Britiſh ſong;
How, from Silurian vats, high-ſparkling wines
Foam in tranſparent floods; ſome ſtrong, to cheer
The wint'ry revels of the labouring hind,
And taſteful ſome, to cool the ſummer-hours.
In this glad ſeaſon, while his ſweeteſt beams
The ſun ſheds equal o'er the meekened day,
Oh loſe me in the green delightful walks
Of, Dodington! thy ſeat, ſerene and plain,
Where ſimple Nature reigns, and every view,
Diffuſive, ſpreads the pure Dorſetian downs
In boundleſs proſpect, yonder ſhagg'd with wood,
Here rich with harveſt, and there white with flocks!

Mean time the grandeur of the lofty dome,
Far-ſplendid, ſeizes on the raviſh'd eye.
New beauties riſe with each revolving day,
New columns ſwell ; and ſtill the freſh Spring finds
New plants to quicken and new groves to green.
Full of thy genius all, the Muſes' ſeat,
Where in the ſecret bower and winding walk,
For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay ;
Here wandering oft', fir'd with the reſtleſs thirſt
Of thy applauſe, I ſolitary court
Th' inſpiring breeze, and meditate the Book
Of Nature, ever open ; aiming thence,
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral ſong.
Here, as I ſteal along the ſunny wall,
Where Autumn baſks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleaſing theme continual prompts my thought,
Preſents the downy peach, the ſhining plum,
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine, and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf, the luſcious fig.
The vine, too, here her curling tendrils ſhoots,
Hangs out her cluſters glowing to the ſouth,
And ſcarcely wiſhes for a warmer ſky.
  Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous ſoils, and climes of fair extent,
Where, by the potent ſun elated, high
The vineyard ſwells refulgent on the day,
Spreads o'er the vale, or up the mountain climbs,
Profuſe, and drinks amid the ſunny rocks,

From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heightened blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs: the cluſters clear,
Half thro' the foliage ſeen, or ardent flame,
Or ſhine tranſparent; while Perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray,
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' Autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and ſpeak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the cruſhing ſwain; the country floats
And foams unbounded with the maſhy flood,
That by degrees fermented and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy;
The claret ſmooth, red as the lip we preſs
In ſparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-taſted Burgundy, and, quick
As is the wit it gives, the gay Champaign.
Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
Deſcend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle ſky unſeen they ſtole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vaſt, ſublime,
Who pours a ſweep of rivers from his ſides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long diviſion, fills the view
With great variety; but, in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled ſenſe

Sinks dark and dreary: thence expanding far,
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:
Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
Even in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft', with many a broadened orb
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear, and, wildered, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic: till at last,
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world, and, mingling thick,
A formless grey confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the Hebrew bard)
Light uncollected thro' the chaos urg'd
Its infant way, nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.
These roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoke along the hilly country, these,
With weighty rains and melted Alpine snows,
The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks,
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some sages say, that where the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore,

Drill'd thro' the ſandy ſtratum, every way
The waters with the ſandy ſtratum riſe,
Amid whoſe angles infinitely ſtrain'd,
They joyful leave their jaggy ſalts behind,
And clear and ſweeten as they ſoak along:
Nor ſtops the reſtleſs fluid, mounting ſtill,
Tho' oft' amidſt th' irriguous vale it ſprings,
But to the mountain courted by the ſand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main it boils again
Freſh into day, and all the glittering hill
Is bright with ſpouting rills. But hence this vain
Amuſive dream! why ſhould the waters love
To take ſo far a journey to the hills,
When the ſweet vallies offer to their toil
Inviting quiet and a nearer bed?
Or if, by blind Ambition led aſtray,
They muſt aſpire, why ſhould they ſudden ſtop
Among the broken mountains' ruſhy dells,
And, ere they gain its higheſt peak, deſert
Th' attractive ſand that charm'd their courſe ſo long?
Beſides, the hard agglomerating ſalts,
The ſpoil of ages, would impervious choke
Their ſecret channels, or, by ſlow degrees,
High as the hills protrude the ſwelling vales:
Old Ocean, too, ſuck'd thro' the porous globe,
Had long ere now forſook his horrid bed,
And brought Deucalion's wat'ry times again.

Say, then, where lurk the vaſt eternal ſprings
That, like Creating Nature, lie conceal'd
From mortal eye, yet with their laviſh ſtores
Refreſh the globe and all its joyous tribes?
O thou pervading Genius! given to Man
To trace the ſecrets of the dark abyſs,
O lay the mountains bare! and wide diſplay
Their hidden ſtructure to th' aſtoniſh'd view:
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load,
The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
From Aſian Taurus, from Imaus ſtretch'd
Athwart the roving Tartar's ſullen bounds!
Give opening Hemus to my ſearching eye,
And high Olympus, pouring many a ſtream!
O from the ſounding ſummits of the North,
The Dofrine hills, thro' Scandinavia roll'd
To fartheſt Lapland and the frozen main;
From lofty Caucaſus, far-ſeen by thoſe
Who in the Caſpian and black Euxine toil;
From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Ruſs
Believes the ſtony girdle* of the world;
And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in ſtorm,
Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods,
O ſweep th' eternal ſnows! Hung o'er the deep,
That ever works beneath his ſounding baſe,

* The Muſcovites call the Riphean mountains *Weliki Camenypoys*, that is, *The great ſtony girdle*, becauſe they ſuppoſe them to encompaſs the whole earth.

Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
His ſubterranean wonders ſpread! unveil
The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
Of Abyſſinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
And of the bending Mountains of the Moon*!
O'ertopping all theſe giant-ſons of earth,
Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line
Stretch'd to the ſtormy ſeas that thunder round
The ſouthern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
Amazing ſcene! Behold! the glooms diſcloſe;
I ſee the rivers in their infant beds!
Deep, deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free!
I ſee the leaning ſtrata, artful rang'd
The gaping fiſſures to receive the rains,
The melting ſnows, and ever-dripping fogs.
Strow'd bibulous above, I ſee the ſands,
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
The guttered rocks and mazy-running clefts,
That, while the ſtealing moiſture they tranſmit,
Retard its motion, and forbid its waſte.
Beneath th' inceſſant weeping of theſe drains,
I ſee the rocky ſiphons ſtretch'd immenſe,
The mighty reſervoirs, of hardened chalk,
Or ſtiff-compacted clay, capacious form'd.
O'erflowing thence, the congregated ſtores,

* A range of mountains in Africa, that ſurround almoſt all Monomotapa.

The cryſtal treaſures of the liquid world,
Thro' the ſtirr'd ſands a bubbling paſſage burſt,
And, welling out, around the middle ſteep,
Or from the bottoms of the boſom'd hills,
In pure effuſion flow. United, thus,
Th' exhaling ſun, the vapour-burden'd air,
The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
Theſe vapours in continual current draw,
And ſend them o'er the fair-divided earth
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
A ſocial commerce hold, and firm ſupport
The full-adjuſted harmony of things.
When Autumn ſcatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gathered, play
The ſwallow-people, and, toſs'd wide around,
O'er the calm ſky, in convolution ſwift,
The feathered eddy floats, rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry ſlumbers they retire.
In cluſters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
And where, unpierc'd by froſt, the cavern ſweats,
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of ſeaſon, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back; for, thronging, now
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.
Where the Rhine loſes his majeſtic force
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the ſtrong

Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
The ſtork-aſſembly meets, for many a day
Conſulting deep and various ere they take
Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid ſky:
And now their rout deſign'd, their leaders choſe,
Their tribes adjuſted, clean'd their vigorous wings,
And many a circle, many a ſhort eſſay,
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
The figured flight aſcends, and, riding high
The aërial billows, mixes with the clouds.
Or where the Northern ocean, in vaſt whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy iſles
Of fartheſt Thulè, and the Atlantic ſurge
Pours in among the ſtormy Hebrides;
Who can recount what tranſmigrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds ariſe?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,
And rude reſounding ſhore, are one wild cry.
Here the plain harmleſs native his ſmall flock
And herd diminutive, of many hues,
Tends on the little iſlands' verdant ſwell,
The ſhepherd's ſea-girt reign, or to the rocks
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food,
Or ſweeps the fiſhy ſhore, or treaſures up
The plumage, riſing full, to form the bed
Of Luxury: and here a while the Muſe,
High hovering o'er the broad cerulean ſcene,

Sees Caledonia in romantic view:
Her airy mountains, from the waving main
Invested with a keen diffusive sky,
Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extensive, and of wat'ry wealth
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
With many a cool translucent brimming flood
Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent-stream,
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
With, sylvan Jed! thy tributary brook)
To where the north-inflated tempest foams
O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak;
Nurse of a people in Misfortune's school
Train'd up to hardy deeds, soon visited
By Learning, when before the Gothic rage
She took her western flight. A manly race,
Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave,
Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard,
(As well unhappy Wallace can attest,
Great patriot-hero! ill-requited chief!)
To hold a generous undiminish'd state;
Too much, in vain! hence of unequal bounds
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
O'er every land, for every land their life
Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil;

As from their own clear North, in radiant ſtreams,
Bright over Europe burſts the Boreal Morn.
Oh! is there not ſome patriot, in whoſe power
That beſt, that godlike luxury is plac'd,
Of bleſſing thouſands, thouſands yet unborn,
Thro' late poſterity? ſome, large of ſoul,
To cheer dejected Induſtry? to give
A double harveſt to the pining ſwain,
And teach the labouring hand the ſweets of toil?
How by the fineſt art the native robe
To weave; how, white as hyperborean ſnow,
To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar
How to daſh wide the billow; nor look on,
Shamefully paſſive, while Batavian fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny ſwarms
That heave our friths, and crowd upon our ſhores;
How all-enlivening Trade to rouſe, and wing
The proſperous ſail from every growing port,
Uninjur'd, round the ſea-incircled globe;
And thus, in ſoul united as in name,
Bid Britain reign the miſtreſs of the deep!
Yes, there are ſuch. And full on thee, Argyle!
Her hope, her ſtay, her darling, and her boaſt,
From her firſt patriots and her heroes ſprung,
Thy fond imploring Country turns her eye;
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, ſees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wiſdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,

Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
Of ſulphureous War, on Tenier's dreadful field.
Nor leſs the palm of Peace inwreathes thy brow;
For, powerful as thy ſword, from thy rich tongue
Perſuaſion flows, and wins the high debate;
While mixt in thee combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, Forbes! too, whom every worth attends,
As Truth ſincere, as weeping Friendſhip kind;
Thee, truly generous, and in ſilence great,
Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts,
Plann'd by thy wiſdom, by thy ſoul inform'd,
And ſeldom has ſhe known a friend like thee.
  But ſee the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deepening over ſhade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, duſk, and dun,
Of every hue, from wan-declining green
To ſooty dark. Theſe now the loneſome Muſe,
Low-whiſpering, lead into their leaf-ſtrown walks,
And give the Seaſon in its lateſt view.
  Mean time, light-ſhadowing all, a ſober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether, whoſe leaſt wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current; while illumin'd wide,
The dewy-ſkirted clouds imbibe the ſun,
And thro' their lucid veil his ſoftened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
For thoſe whom Wiſdom and whom Nature charm,

To ſteal themſelves from the degenerate crowd,
And ſoar above this little ſcene of things;
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet,
To ſooth the throbbing Paſſions into peace,
And wooe lone Quiet in her ſilent walks.
  Thus ſolitary, and in penſive guiſe,
Oft' let me wander o'er the ruſſet mead,
And thro' the ſaddened grove, where ſcarce is heard
One dying ſtrain to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply ſome widowed ſongſter pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copſe;
While congregated thruſhes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whoſe artleſs ſtrains ſo late
Swell'd all the muſic of the ſwarming ſhades,
Robb'd of their tuneful ſouls, now ſhivering ſit
On the dead tree, a full deſpondent flock,
With not a brightneſs waving o'er their plumes,
And nought ſave chattering diſcord in their note.
O let not, aim'd from ſome inhuman eye,
The gun the muſic of the coming year
Deſtroy, and harmleſs, unſuſpecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miſerable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!
  The pale-deſcending year, yet pleaſing ſtill,
A gentler mood inſpires; for now the leaf,
Inceſſant ruſtles from the mournful grove,
Oft' ſtartling ſuch as, ſtudious, walk below,
And ſlowly circles thro' the waving air.

But ſhould a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the ſky the leafy deluge ſtreams,
Till, chok'd and matted with the dreary ſhower,
The foreſt-walks, at every riſing gale,
Roll wide the withered waſte, and whiſtle bleak.
Fled is the blaſted verdure of the fields,
And, ſhrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their ſunny robes reſign: even what remain'd
Of ſtronger fruits falls from the naked tree,
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The deſolated proſpect thrills the ſoul.
He comes! he comes! in every breeze the Power
Of Philoſophic Melancholy comes!
His near approach the ſudden-ſtarting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild-dejected air,
The ſoftened feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the ſoul his ſacred influence breathes,
Inflames imagination, thro' the breaſt
Infuſes every tenderneſs, and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the ſwelling thought.
Ten thouſand thouſand fleet ideas, ſuch
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Crowd faſt into the Mind's creative eye.
As faſt the correſpondent paſſions riſe,
As varied, and as high: devotion rais'd
To rapture and divine aſtoniſhment;
The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,

Of human race, the large ambitious wiſh;
To make them bleſt; the ſigh for ſuffering Worth
Loſt in obſcurity; the noble ſcorn
Of tyrant-pride; the fearleſs great reſolve:
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inſpiring glory thro' remoteſt time;
Th' awakened throb for virtue and for fame;
The ſympathies of love and friendſhip dear,
With all the ſocial offspring of the heart.

Oh bear me, then, to vaſt embowering ſhades,
To twilight groves and viſionary vales,
To weeping grottos and prophetic glooms,
Where angel-forms athwart the ſolemn duſk
Tremendous ſweep, or ſeem to ſweep, along,
And voices more than human, thro' the void
Deep-ſounding, ſeize th' enthuſiaſtic ear!

Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye Powers!
That o'er the garden and the rural ſeat
Preſide, which ſhining thro' the cheerful land
In countleſs numbers bleſt Britannia ſees,
O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
The fair majeſtic paradiſe of Stowe*!
Not Perſian Cyrus, on Ionia's ſhore,
E'er ſaw ſuch ſylvan ſcenes; ſuch various art
By Genius fir'd, ſuch ardent genius tam'd
By cool judicious Art, that in the ſtrife
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.

* The ſeat of the Lord Viſcount Cobham.

And there, O Pitt! thy country's early boaſt,
There let me ſit beneath the ſheltered ſlopes,
Or in that temple * where, in future times,
Thou well ſhalt merit a diſtinguiſh'd name;
And, with thy converſe bleſt, catch the laſt ſmiles
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,
The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land,
Will, from thy ſtandard taſte, refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the pureſt truth
Of Nature, or, the unimpaſſion'd ſhades
Forſaking, raiſe it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter ſhe, with juſter hand,
Shall draw the Tragic ſcene, inſtruct her, thou,
To mark the varied movements of the heart,
What every decent character requires,
And every paſſion ſpeaks: O thro' her ſtrain
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
Th' attentive Senate, charms, perſuades, exalts;
Of honeſt Zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
And ſhakes Corruption on her venal throne.
While thus we talk, and thro' Elyſian vales
Delighted rove, perhaps a ſigh eſcapes:
What pity, Cobham! thou thy verdant files
Of ordered trees ſhouldſt here inglorious range,
Inſtead of ſquadrons flaming o'er the field,

* The temple of Virtue in Stowe-Gardens.

And long embattled hoſts! when the proud foe,
The faithleſs vain diſturber of mankind,
Inſulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war;
When keen, once more, within their bounds to preſs
Thoſe poliſhed robbers, thoſe ambitious ſlaves,
The Britiſh Youth would hail thy wiſe command,
Thy temper'd ardour, and thy veteran ſkill.
The weſtern ſun withdraws the ſhortened day,
And humid Evening, gliding o'er the ſky,
In her chill progreſs, to the ground condens'd
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marſhes ſtagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluſter the rolling fogs, and ſwim along
The duſky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon,
Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the ſcattered clouds,
Shews her broad viſage in the crimſon'd eaſt.
Turn'd to the ſun direct, her ſpotted diſk,
Where mountains riſe, umbrageous dales deſcend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube deſcries,
A ſmaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and ſheds a ſofter day.
Now thro' the paſſing cloud ſhe ſeems to ſtoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides ſublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and ſtreaming mild
O'er the ſky'd mountain to the ſhadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundleſs tide
Of ſilver radiance, trembling round the world.

But when half blotted from the ſky her light,
Fainting, permits the ſtarry fires to burn
With keener luſtre thro' the depth of heaven,
Or near extinct her deadened orb appears,
And ſcarce appears, of ſickly beamleſs white,
Oft' in this ſeaſon, ſilent from the North
A blaze of meteors ſhoots: enſweeping firſt
The lower ſkies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapſing quick, as quickly reaſcend,
And mix and thwart, extinguiſh and renew,
All ether courſing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious thro' the crowd
The panic runs, and into wondrous ſhapes
The appearance throws: armies in meet array,
Throng'd with aërial ſpears and ſteeds of fire,
Till the long lines of full-extended war,
In bleeding fight commixt, the ſanguine flood
Rolls a broad ſlaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As thus they ſcan the viſionary ſcene,
On all ſides ſwells the ſuperſtitious din,
Incontinent, and buſy Frenzy talks
Of blood and battle, cities overturn'd,
And late at night in ſwallowing earthquake ſunk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce aſcending flame;
Of ſallow famine, inundation, ſtorm;
Of peſtilence, and every great diſtreſs;
Empires ſubvers'd, when ruling Fate has ſtruck

The unalterable hour: even Nature's ſelf
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
Not ſo the man of philoſophic eye,
And inſpect ſage; the waving brightneſs he
Curious ſurveys, inquiſitive to know
The cauſes and materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this appearance, beautiful and new.
  Now black and deep the night begins to fall,
A ſhade immenſe. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vaſt, are heaven and earth.
Order confounded lies; all Beauty void;
Diſtinction loſt; and gay Variety
One univerſal blot: ſuch the fair power
Of Light, to kindle and create the whole.
Drear is the ſtate of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
Full of pale fancies and chimeras huge;
Nor viſited by one directive ray
From cottage ſtreaming or from airy hall.
Perhaps impatient as he ſtumbles on,
Struck from the root of ſlimy ruſhes, blue
The wildfire ſcatters round, or, gathered, trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moſs,
Whither decoy'd by the fantaſtic blaze,
Now loſt and now renew'd, he ſinks abſorpt,
Rider and horſe, amid the miry gulf;
While ſtill, from day to day, his pining wife
And plaintive children his return await,

In wild conjecture loſt. At other times,
Sent by the better Genius of the Night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the horſe's mane
The meteor ſits, and ſhews the narrow path
That, winding, leads thro' pits of death, or elſe
Inſtructs him how to take the dangerous ford.
The lengthened night elaps'd, the morning ſhines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the laſt Autumnal day.
And now the mounting ſun diſpels the fog;
The rigid hoar-froſt melts before his beam;
And, hung on every ſpray, on every blade
Of graſs, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.
Ah ſee where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit
Lies the ſtill heaving hive! at evening ſnatch'd
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And fix'd o'er ſulphur, while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people in their waxen cells
Sat tending public cares, and planning ſchemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor, rejoiced
To mark, full flowing round, their copious ſtores.
Sudden the dark oppreſſive ſteam aſcends,
And, us'd to milder ſcents, the tender race,
By thouſands, tumble from their honeyed domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the duſt.
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent, from flower to flower? for this you toil'd,
Ceaſeleſs, the burning Summer-heats away?

For this in Autumn ſearch'd the blooming waſte,
Nor loſt one ſunny gleam? for this ſad fate?
O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long
Shall proſtrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? When oblig'd,
Muſt you deſtroy? Of their ambroſial food
Can you not borrow, and, in juſt return,
Afford them ſhelter from the wintry winds,
Or, as the ſharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on ſome ſmiling day?
See where the ſtony bottom of their town
Looks deſolate and wild, with here and there
A helpleſs number, who the ruined ſtate
Survive, lamenting weak, caſt out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre or feaſt, or ſunk in ſleep
(As late, Palermo! was thy fate), is ſeiz'd
By ſome dread earthquake, and convulſive hurl'd
Sheer from the black foundation, ſtench-involv'd,
Into a gulf of blue ſulphureous flame.
  Hence every harſher ſight! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm and high,
Infinite ſplendour! wide inveſting all.
How ſtill the breeze! ſave what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate bruſhes from the plain.
How clear the cloudleſs ſky! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue! the ethereal arch

How ſwell'd immenſe! amid whoſe azure thron'd,
The radiant ſun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harveſt-treaſures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of ſtorms,
Sure to the ſwain; the circling fence ſhut up,
And inſtant Winter's utmoſt rage defy'd:
While, looſe to feſtive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud ſincerity of Mirth,
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-ſtrung youth,
By the quick ſenſe of muſic taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village-toaſt,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not unmeaning looks, and, where her eye
Points an approving ſmile, with double force
The cudgel rattles, and the wreſtler twines.
Age, too, ſhines out, and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice, nor think
That, with to-morrow's ſun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceaſing round.
  Oh knew he but his happineſs, of men
The happieſt he! who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleaſures of the rural life.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whoſe proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the ſneaking crowd
Of flatterers falſe, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourſe! What tho' the glittering robe,

Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating looſe, or ſtiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppreſs him not?
What tho', from utmoſt land and ſea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his inſatiate table heaps
With luxury and death? what tho' his bowl
Flames not with coſtly juice; nor ſunk in beds,
Oft' of gay care, he toſſes out the night,
Or melts the thoughtleſs hours in idle ſtate?
What tho' he knows not thoſe fantaſtic joys
That ſtill amuſe the wanton, ſtill deceive,
A face of pleaſure, but a heart of pain,
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a ſolid life, eſtrang'd
To diſappointment and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits, whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven deſcends in ſhowers, or bends the bough
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams,
Or in the Wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richeſt ſap,
Theſe are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, ſpread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of ſtreams,
And hum of bees, inviting ſleep ſincere
Into the guiltleſs breaſt, beneath the ſhade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;

Nor aught befides of profpect, grove, or fong,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Here, too, dwells fimple Truth, plain Innocence,
Unfullied Beauty, found unbroken Youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd,
Health ever blooming, unambitious Toil,
Calm Contemplation, and poetic Eafe.
Let others brave the flood in queft of gain,
And beat, for joylefs months, the gloomy wave.
Let fuch as deem it glory to deftroy
Rufh into blood, the fack of cities feek,
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's fhriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let fome, far diftant from their native foil,
Urg'd on by want or hardened avarice,
Find other lands beneath another fun.
Let this thro' cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage and eftablifh'd guile,
The focial fenfe extinct, and that ferment
Mad into tumult the feditious herd,
Or melt them down to flavery; let thefe
Infnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting difcord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and thofe of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Delufive pomp, and dark cabals, delight,
Wreath the deep bow, diffufe the lying fmile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of ftate:

While he, from all the ſtormy paſſions free
That reſtleſs men involve, hears, and but hears,
At diſtance ſafe, the human tempeſt roar,
Wrapt cloſe in conſcious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the cruſh of ſtates,
Move not the man who, from the world eſcap'd,
In ſtill retreats and flowery ſolitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, thro' the revolving year;
Admiring ſees her in her every ſhape,
Feels all her ſweet emotions at his heart,
Takes what ſhe liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the burſting gems,
Marks the firſt bud, and ſucks the healthful gale
Into his freſhened ſoul; her genial hours
He full enjoys, and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening bloſſom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living ſhade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muſe of theſe,
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers ſung,
Or what ſhe dictates writes; and oft', an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow luſtre gilds the world,
And tempts the ſickled ſwain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart diſtends
With gentle throes, and thro' the tepid gleams
Deep muſing, then he beſt exerts his ſong.

Even Winter wild to him is full of bliſs:
The mighty tempeſt and the hoary waſte,
Abrupt and deep, ſtretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to ſolemn thought. At night the ſkies,
Diſclos'd and kindled by refining froſt,
Pour every luſtre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the ſtealing hours ſecure,
And mark them down for wiſdom. With ſwift wing
O'er land and ſea Imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breaſt heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred, too, and love he feels;
The modeſt eye, whoſe beams on his alone
Ecſtatic ſhine; the little ſtrong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to pleaſe him, calling forth
The fond parental ſoul. Nor purpoſe gay,
Amuſement, dance, or ſong, he ſternly ſcorns;
For happineſs and true philoſophy
Are of the ſocial ſtill and ſmiling kind.
This is the life which thoſe who fret in guilt
And guilty cities never knew; the life
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himſelf, with Man!
Oh, Nature! all-ſufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,

World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profuſely ſcatter'd o'er the blue immenſe,
Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to ſcan; thro' the diſcloſing deep
Light my blind way; the mineral ſtrata there;
Thruſt, blooming, thence, the vegetable world;
O'er that the riſing ſyſtem, more complex,
Of animals, and, higher ſtill, the mind,
The varied ſcene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing paſſions endleſs ſhift:
Theſe ever open to my raviſh'd eye,
A ſearch the flight of time can ne'er exhauſt!
But if to that unequal, if the blood,
In ſluggiſh ſtreams about my heart, forbid
That beſt ambition, under cloſing ſhades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whiſper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my ſong,
And let me never, never ſtray from Thee!

THE SEASONS.

WINTER.

The Argument.

THE subject proposed. Address to the Earl of Wilmington. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: A man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A wintry-evening described: as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the City. Frost. A view of Winter within the Polar Circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

SEE, Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme,
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred Glooms!
Congenial Horrors, hail! with frequent foot
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless Solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain,
Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure,
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst,
Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brew'd
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,

Till thro' the lucid chambers of the South
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and ſmil'd.
  To thee, the patron of her firſt eſſay,
The Muſe, O Wilmington! renews her ſong.
Since has ſhe rounded the revolving year,
Skimm'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne,
Attempted thro' the Summer-blaze to riſe,
Then ſwept o'er Autumn with the ſhadowy gale,
And now among the Wintry clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling ſtorm, ſhe tries to ſoar,
To ſwell her note with all the ruſhing winds,
To ſuit her ſounding cadence to the floods,
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy! could ſhe fill thy judging ear
With bold deſcription and with manly thought.
Nor art thou ſkill'd in awful ſchemes alone,
And how to make a mighty people thrive;
But equal goodneſs, ſound integrity,
A firm, unſhaken, uncorrupted ſoul
Amid a ſliding age, and, burning ſtrong,
Nor vainly blazing for thy country's weal,
A ſteady ſpirit regularly free:
Theſe, each exalting each, the ſtateſman light
Into the patriot; theſe the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muſe
Record what Envy dares not flattery call.
  Now when the cheerleſs empire of the ſky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,

And fierce Aquarius ſtains th' inverted year,
Hung o'er the fartheſt verge of heaven the ſun
Scarce ſpreads thro' ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual ſhoot
His ſtruggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Thro' the thick air, as cloth'd in cloudy ſtorm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he ſkirts the ſouthern ſky,
And, ſoon deſcending, to the long dark night,
Wide-ſhading all, the proſtrate world reſigns.
Nor is the night unwiſh'd, while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forſake.
Mean time in ſable cincture ſhadows vaſt,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppreſſive o'er the world,
Thro' Nature ſhedding influence malign,
And rouſes up the ſeeds of dark diſeaſe.
The ſoul of Man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop, and o'er the furrow'd land,
Freſh from the plough, the dun-diſcolour'd flocks,
Untended ſpreading, crop the wholeſome root.
Along the woods, along the mooriſh fens,
Sighs the ſad Genius of the coming ſtorm,
And up among the looſe disjointed cliffs,
And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook

And cave, preſageful, ſend a hollow moan,
Reſounding long in liſtening Fancy's ear.
Then comes the Father of the tempeſt forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. Firſt joyleſs rains, obſcure,
Drive thro' the mingling ſkies with vapour foul,
Daſh on the mountain's brow, and ſhake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. The unſightly plain
Lies a brown deluge, as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhauſted ſtill
Combine, and, deepening into night, ſhut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven
Each to his home retire, ſave thoſe that love
To take their paſtime in the troubled air,
Or ſkimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from the untaſted fields return,
And aſk, with meaning low, their wonted ſtalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous ſhade.
Thither the houſehold feathery people crowd,
The creſted cock, with all his female train,
Penſive, and dripping, while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his ſimple frolic: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the ſtorm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.
Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent ſwell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erſpread,
At laſt the rous'd-up river pours along:
Reſiſtleſs, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,

From the rude mountain and the moſſy wild,
Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and ſounding far,
Then o'er the ſanded valley floating ſpreads,
Calm, ſluggiſh, ſilent; till, again conſtrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it burſts a way,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid ſtream;
There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.
  Nature! great parent! whoſe unceaſing hand
Rolls round the Seaſons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majeſtic, are thy works!
With what a pleaſing dread they ſwell the ſoul!
That ſees aſtoniſh'd, and aſtoniſh'd ſings.
Ye too, ye Winds! that now begin to blow
With boiſterous ſweep, I raiſe my voice to you.
Where are your ſtores, ye powerful Beings! ſay,
Where your aërial magazines reſerv'd,
To ſwell the brooding terrors of the ſtorm?
In what far-diſtant region of the ſky,
Huſh'd in deep ſilence, ſleep ye when 'tis calm?
  When from the pallid ſky the ſun deſcends,
With many a ſpot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, ſtain'd, red fiery ſtreaks
Begin to fluſh around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poiſe, as doubting yet
Which maſter to obey: while riſing ſlow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd Eaſt, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.

Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,
The ſtars obtuſe emit a ſhivered ray,
Or frequent ſeem to ſhoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in ſhort eddies plays the withered leaf,
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broadened noſtrils, to the ſky up-turn'd,
The conſcious heifer ſnuffs the ſtormy gale.
Even as the matron, at her nightly taſk,
With penſive labour draws the flaxen thread,
The waſted taper and the crackling flame
Foretel the blaſt. But chief the plumy race,
The tenants of the ſky, its changes ſpeak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their ſcanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And ſeek the cloſing ſhelter of the grove.
Aſſiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his ſad ſong. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and ſcreams along the land.
Loud ſhrieks the ſoaring hern: and with wild wing
The circling ſea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal preſs'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves, while from the ſhore,
Ate into caverns by the reſtleſs wave,
And foreſt-ruſtling mountains, comes a voice
That, ſolemn ſounding, bids the world prepare.
Then iſſues forth the ſtorm with ſudden burſt,

And hurls the whole precipitated air
Down in a torrent. On the paſſive main
Deſcends th' ethereal force, and with ſtrong guſt
Turns from its bottom the diſcoloured deep.
Thro' the black night, that ſits immenſe around,
Laſh'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thouſand raging waves to burn:
Mean time the mountain-billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult ſwell'd, ſurge above ſurge,
Burſt into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchored navies from their ſtations drive,
Wild as the winds, acroſs the howling waſte
Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave
Straining they ſcale, and now impetuous ſhoot
Into the ſecret chambers of the deep,
The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head:
Emerging thence again, before the breath
Of full-exerted heaven they wing their courſe,
And dart on diſtant coaſts, if ſome ſharp rock,
Or ſhoal inſidious, break not their career,
And in looſe fragments fling them floating round.
  Nor leſs at land the looſened tempeſt reigns:
The mountain thunders, and its ſturdy ſons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they ſhade.
Lone on the midnight ſteep, and all aghaſt,
The dark way-faring ſtranger breathleſs toils,
And, often falling, climbs againſt the blaſt.
Low waves the rooted foreſt, vex'd, and ſheds

What of its tarniſh'd honours yet remain,
Daſh'd down and ſcattered by the tearing wind's
Aſſiduous fury its gigantic limbs.
Thus ſtruggling thro' the diſſipated grove
The whirling tempeſt raves along the plain,
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
Keen-faſtening, ſhakes them to the ſolid baſe.
Sleep frighted flies, and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the ſavage blaſt.
Then too, they ſay, thro' all the burthened air
Long groans are heard, ſhrill ſounds, and diſtant ſighs,
That, uttered by the demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.
Huge Uproar lords it wide. The clouds, commix'd
With ſtars ſwift gliding, ſweep along the ſky.
All Nature reels: till Nature's King, who oft'
Amid tempeſtuous darkneſs dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully ſerene, commands a calm;
Then ſtraight air, ſea, and earth, are huſh'd at once.
As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into ſolid gloom.
Now while the drowſy world lies loſt in ſleep,
Let me aſſociate with the ſerious Night,
And Contemplation her ſedate compeer;
Let me ſhake off th' intruſive cares of day,
And lay the meddling ſenſes all aſide.
Where now, ye lying Vanities of life!

Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating Train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, difappointment, and remorfe.
Sad, fickening thought! and yet deluded Man,
A fcene of crude disjointed vifions paft,
And broken flumbers, rifes ftill refolv'd,
With new-flufh'd hopes, to run the giddy round.
 Father of Light and Life! thou Good Supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyfelf!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low purfuit! and feed my foul
With knowledge, confcious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, fubftantial, never-fading blifs!
 The keener tempefts rife; and fuming dun
From all the livid Eaft, or piercing North,
Thick clouds afcend, in whofe capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to fnow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along,
And the fky faddens with the gathered ftorm.
Thro' the hufh'd air the whitening fhower defcends,
At firft thin wavering, till at laft the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and faft, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherifhed fields
Put on their winter-robe of pureft white:
'Tis brightnefs all, fave where the new fnow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid fun
Faint from the Weft emits his evening ray,

Earth's univerſal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waſte, that buries wide
The works of Man. Drooping the labourer-ox
Stands covered o'er with ſnow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel ſeaſon, crowd around
The winnowing ſtore, and claim the little boon
Which Providence aſſigns them. One alone,
The red-breaſt, ſacred to the houſehold gods,
Wiſely regardful of th' embroiling ſky,
In joyleſs fields and thorny thickets leaves
His ſhivering mates, and pays to truſted Man
His annual viſit. Half-afraid, he firſt
Againſt the window beats, then, briſk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the ſmiling family aſkance,
And pecks, and ſtarts, and wonders where he is!
Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his ſlender feet. The foodleſs wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beſet
By death in various forms, dark ſnares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden ſeeks,
Urg'd on by fearleſs Want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the gliſtening earth,
With looks of dumb deſpair; then, ſad diſpers'd,
Dig for the withered herb thro' heaps of ſnow.
Now, Shepherds! to your helpleſs charge be kind;

Baffle the raging year, and fill their penns
With food at will; lodge them below the ſtorm,
And watch them ſtrict; for from the bellowing Eaſt,
In this dire ſeaſon, oft' the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapleſs flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempeſt whelms, till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a ſhining mountain ſwells.
Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the ſky.
As thus the ſnows ariſe, and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own looſe revolving fields the ſwain
Diſaſtered ſtands, ſees other hills aſcend
Of unknown joyleſs brow, and other ſcenes
Of horrid proſpect, ſhag the trackleſs plain;
Nor finds the river, nor the foreſt, hid
Beneath the formleſs wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, ſtill more and more aſtray,
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Ruſh on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How ſinks his ſoul!
What black deſpair, what horror, fills his heart!
When for the duſky ſpot, which Fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage riſing thro' the ſnow,
He meets the roughneſs of the middle waſte,
Far from the track and bleſt abode of Man;

While round him night reſiſtleſs cloſes faſt,
And every tempeſt, howling o'er his head,
Renders the ſavage wilderneſs more wild.
Then throng the buſy ſhapes into his mind,
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire deſcent! beyond the power of froſt,
Of faithleſs bogs; or precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with ſnow; and, what is land, unknown,
What water of the ſtill unfrozen ſpring,
In the looſe marſh or ſolitary lake,
Where the freſh fountain from the bottom boils.
Theſe check his fearful ſteps, and down he ſinks
Beneath the ſhelter of the ſhapeleſs drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterneſs of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguiſh Nature ſhoots
Thro' the wrung boſom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unſeen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the veſtment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling ſtorm, demand their ſire
With tears of artleſs innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more ſhall he behold,
Nor friends, nor ſacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter ſeizes, ſhuts up ſenſe,
And, o'er his inmoſt vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the ſnows, a ſtiffened corſe,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blaſt.

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleaſure, power, and affluence ſurround;
They, who their thoughtleſs hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel riot, waſte;
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the ſad variety of pain:
How many ſink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame! how many bleed,
By ſhameful variance betwixt man and man!
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common uſe
Of their own limbs! how many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of miſery! ſore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many ſhrink into the ſordid hut
Of cheerleſs Poverty! how many ſhake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded paſſion, madneſs, guilt, remorſe,
Whence, tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furniſh matter for the Tragic Muſe!
Even in the vale, where Wiſdom loves to dwell,
With Friendſhip, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honeſt paſſions, droop
In deep retir'd diſtreſs! how many ſtand
Around the deathbed of their deareſt friends,
And point the parting anguiſh! Thought fond Man
Of theſe, and all the thouſand nameleſs ills

That one inceſſant ſtruggle render life,
One ſcene of toil, of ſuffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would ſtand appall'd,
And heedleſs rambling Impulſe learn to think;
The conſcious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wiſh Benevolence dilate;
The ſocial tear would riſe, the ſocial ſigh,
And into clear perfection, gradual bliſs,
Refining ſtill, the ſocial paſſions work.
   And here can I forget the generous band *
Who, touch'd with human woe, redreſſive ſearch'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
Unpitied, and unheard, where Miſery moans,
Where Sickneſs pines, where Thirſt and Hunger burn,
And poor Misfortune feels the laſh of Vice.
While in the land of Liberty, the land
Whoſe every ſtreet and public meeting glow
With open Freedom, little tyrants rag'd,
Snatch'd the lean morſel from the ſtarving mouth,
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tattered weed,
Even robb'd them of the laſt of comforts, ſleep,
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the luſt of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleaſure mark'd him with inglorious ſtripes,
And cruſh'd out lives, by ſecret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd or bled.
O great deſign! if executed well,

* The Jail Committee, in the year 1729.

With patient care, and wiſdom-tempered zeal.
Ye ſons of Mercy! yet reſume the ſearch,
Drag forth the legal monſters into light,
Wrench from their hands Oppreſſion's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much ſtill untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
The toils of law (what dark inſidious men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen ſimple juſtice into trade),
How glorious were the day that ſaw theſe broke!
And every man within the reach of right.
By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the ſhining Alps,
And wavy Apennine, and Pyrenees,
Branch out ſtupendous into diſtant lands,
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
Aſſembling wolves in raging troops deſcend,
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north-wind ſweeps the gloſſy ſnow.
All is their prize. They faſten on the ſteed,
Preſs him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or ſhake the murdering ſavages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the ſcreaming infant from her breaſt.
The Godlike face of Man avails him nought.

Even Beauty, force divine! at whoſe bright glance
The generous lion ſtands in ſoftened gaze,
Here bleeds a hapleſs, undiſtinguiſh'd prey.
But if, appriz'd of the ſevere attack,
The country be ſhut up, lur'd by the ſcent,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The diſappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The ſhrowded body from the grave, o'er which,
Mix'd with foul ſhades, and frighted ghoſts, they howl.
Among thoſe hilly regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful vales the happy Griſons dwell,
Oft', ruſhing ſudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of ſnow their gathering terrors roll.
From ſteep to ſteep, loud thundering, down they come,
A wintry waſte in dire commotion all,
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and ſwains,
And ſometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets ſleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the ſmothering ruin whelm'd.
Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without
The ceaſeleſs winds blow ice, be my retreat
Between the groaning foreſt and the ſhore
Beat by the boundleſs multitude of waves,
A rural, ſheltered, ſolitary ſcene,
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join
To cheer the gloom. There, ſtudious, let me ſit,
And hold high converſe with the Mighty Dead;

Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
As gods beneficent, who bleſt mankind
With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.
Rous'd at th' inſpiring thought, I throw aſide
The long-liv'd volume, and, deep muſing, hail
The ſacred ſhades that ſlowly riſing paſs
Before my wondering eyes. Firſt Socrates,
Who, firmly good in a corrupted ſtate,
Againſt the rage of tyrants ſingle ſtood,
Invincible! calm Reaſon's holy law,
That voice of God within th' attentive mind,
Obeying, fearleſs, or in life or death;
Great moral teacher! wiſeſt of mankind!
Solon the next, who built his commonweal
On Equity's wide baſe; by tender laws
A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd,
Preſerving ſtill that quick peculiar fire,
Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts,
And of bold freedom, they unequall'd ſhone,
The pride of ſmiling Greece and human-kind.
Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force
Of ſtricteſt diſcipline, ſeverely wiſe,
All human paſſions. Following him, I ſee,
As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
The firm devoted Chief*, who prov'd, by deeds,
The hardeſt leſſon which the other taught.
Then Ariſtides lifts his honeſt front,

* Leonidas.

Spotleſs of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice
Of Freedom gave the nobleſt name of Juſt;
In pure majeſtic poverty rever'd;
Who, even his glory to his country's weal
Submitting, ſwell'd a haughty Rival's * fame.
Rear'd by his care, of ſofter ray, appears
Cimon, ſweet-ſoul'd, whoſe genius, riſing ſtrong,
Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
The ſcourge of Perſian pride, at home the friend
Of every worth and every ſplendid art;
Modeſt, and ſimple, in the pomp of wealth.
Then the laſt worthies of declining Greece,
Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,
Penſive, appear. The fair Corinthian boaſt,
Timoleon, happy temper! mild, and firm,
Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled.
And, equal to the beſt, the Theban Pair †,
Whoſe virtues, in heroic concord join'd,
Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
He, too, with whom Athenian honour ſunk,
And left a maſs of ſordid lees behind,
Phocion the Good, in public life ſevere,
To virtue ſtill inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low illuſtrious roof,
Sweet Peace and happy Wiſdom ſmooth'd his brow,
Not Friendſhip ſofter was, nor Love more kind.
And he, the laſt of old Lycurgus' ſons,

* Themiſtocles. † Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

The generous victim to that vain attempt
To save a rotten state, Agis, who saw
Even Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.
The two Achaian heroes close the train;
Aratus, who a while relum'd the soul
Of fondly-lingering Liberty in Greece,
And he her darling, as her latest hope,
The gallant Philopœmen, who to arms
Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;
Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain,
Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.
 Of rougher front, a mighty people come!
A race of heroes! in those virtuous times
Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame
Their dearest country they too fondly lov'd.
Her better founder first, the light of Rome,
Numa, who softened her rapacious sons.
Servius the King, who laid the solid base
On which o'er earth the vast Republic spread.
Then the great Consuls venerable rise.
The public Father * who the private quell'd,
As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.
He whom his thankless country could not lose,
Camillus, only vengeful to her foes.
Fabricius, scorner of all-conquering gold;
And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.
Thy willing victim †, Carthage, bursting loose

* Marcus Junius Brutus. † Regulus.

From all that pleading Nature could oppoſe,
From a whole city's tears, by rigid Faith
Imperious call'd, and Honour's dire command.
Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,
Who ſoon the race of ſpotleſs glory ran,
And, warm in youth, to the poetic ſhade
With Friendſhip and Philoſophy retir'd.
Tully, whoſe powerful eloquence a while
Reſtrain'd the rapid fate of ruſhing Rome.
Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme.
And thou, unhappy Brutus! kind of heart,
Whoſe ſteady arm, by awful Virtue urg'd,
Lifted the Roman ſteel againſt thy friend.
Thouſands beſides the tribute of a verſe
Demand: but who can count the ſtars of heaven?
Who ſing their influence on this lower world?
  Behold who yonder comes! in ſober ſtate,
Fair, mild, and ſtrong, as is a vernal ſun—
'Tis Phœbus' ſelf, or elſe the Mantuan Swain!
Great Homer, too, appears, of daring wing,
Parent of ſong! and equal by his ſide
The Britiſh Muſe; join'd hand in hand they walk,
Darkling, full up the middle ſteep to fame.
Nor abſent are thoſe ſhades, whoſe ſkilful touch
Pathetic drew th' impaſſion'd heart, and charm'd
Tranſported Athens with the moral ſcene;
Nor thoſe who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting lyre.
  Firſt of your kind! ſociety divine!

Still viſit thus my nights, for you reſerv'd,
And mount my ſoaring ſoul to thoughts like yours.
Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
See on the hallowed hour that none intrude,
Save a few choſen friends, who ſometimes deign
To bleſs my humble roof, with ſenſe refin'd,
Learning digeſted well, exalted faith,
Unſtudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
Or from the Muſes' hill will Pope deſcend,
To raiſe the ſacred hour, to bid it ſmile,
And with the ſocial ſpirit warm the heart?
For tho' not ſweeter his own Homer ſings,
Yet is his life the more endearing ſong.
Where art thou, Hammond! thou the darling pride,
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng!
Ah, why, dear Youth! in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where diſcloſing faſt
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
Why wert thou raviſh'd from our hope ſo ſoon?
What now avails that noble thirſt of fame
Which ſtung thy fervent breaſt? that treaſur'd ſtore
Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
To ſerve thy country, glowing in the band
Of youthful patriots, who ſuſtain her name?
What now, alas! that life-diffuſing charm
Of ſprightly wit? that rapture for the Muſe,
That heart of friendſhip, and that ſoul of joy,
Which bade, with ſofteſt light, thy virtues ſmile?

Ah! only ſhew'd to check our fond purſuits,
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!
Thus in ſome deep retirement would I paſs
The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant ſoul,
Or blithe, or ſolemn, as the theme inſpir'd:
With them would ſearch if Nature's boundleſs frame
Was call'd, late riſing from the void of night,
Or ſprung eternal from the eternal Mind,
Its life, its laws, its progreſs, and its end.
Hence larger proſpects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds,
And each diffuſive harmony unite
In full perfection to th' aſtoniſh'd eye.
Then would we try to ſcan the moral world,
Which, tho' to us it ſeems embroil'd, moves on
In higher order, fitted and impell'd
By Wiſdom's fineſt hand, and iſſuing all
In general good. The ſage Hiſtoric Muſe
Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time;
Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
In ſcattered ſtates; what makes the nations ſmile,
Improves their ſoil, and gives them double ſuns,
And why they pine beneath the brighteſt ſkies,
In Nature's richeſt lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
That portion of divinity, that ray
Of pureſt heaven, which lights the public ſoul

Of patriots and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerlefs humble fortune, to reprefs
Thefe ardent rifings of the kindling foul,
Then, even fuperior to ambition, we
Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
Thro' fhades and plains, along the fmootheft ftream
Of rural life; or, fnatch'd away by hope,
Thro' the dim fpaces of futurity
With earneft eye anticipate thofe fcenes
Of happinefs and wonder, where the mind,
In endlefs growth and infinite afcent,
Rifes from ftate to ftate, and world to world.
But when with thefe the ferious thought is foil'd,
We, fhifting for relief, would play the fhapes
Of frolic Fancy, and inceffant form
Thofe rapid pictures, that affembled train
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
Whence lively Wit excites to gay furprife,
Or folly-painting Humour, grave himfelf,
Calls Laughter forth, deep-fhaking every nerve.
Mean time the village rouzes up the fire,
While well attefted, and as well believ'd,
Heard folemn, goes the goblin ftory round,
Till fuperftitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the founding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Ruftic mirth goes round;
The fimple joke that takes the fhepherd's heart,
Eafily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, fincere;

The kiſs, ſnatch'd haſty from the ſide-long maid,
On purpoſe guardleſs, or pretending ſleep;
The leap, the ſlap, the haul; and, ſhook to notes
Of native muſic, the reſpondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the Winter-night.
  The city ſwarms intenſe. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm with mixt diſcourſe,
Hums indiſtinct. The ſons of Riot flow
Down the looſe ſtream of falſe inchanted joy
To ſwift deſtruction. On the rankled ſoul
The gaming-fury falls; and in one gulf
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong ſink.
Up ſprings the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thouſand ſprightly ways.
The glittering court effuſes every pomp;
The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and ſparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A ſoft effulgence o'er the palace waves;
While, a gay inſect in his ſummer-ſhine,
The fop, light-fluttering, ſpreads his mealy wings.
  Dread o'er the ſcene the ghoſt of Hamlet ſtalks;
Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
And Belvidera pours her ſoul in love.
Terror alarms the breaſt; the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek: or elſe the Comic Muſe
Holds to the world a picture of itſelf,
And raiſes, ſly, the fair impartial laugh.

Sometimes ſhe lifts her ſtrain, and paints the ſcenes
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil* ſhew'd.
O thou! whoſe wiſdom, ſolid yet refin'd,
Whoſe patriot-virtues, and conſummate ſkill
To touch the finer ſprings that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the Graces can beſtow,
And all Apollo's animating fire,
Give thee, with pleaſing dignity, to ſhine
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
Of poliſh'd life, permit the rural Muſe,
O Cheſterfield! to grace with thee her ſong!
Ere to the ſhades again ſhe humbly flies,
Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train
(For every Muſe has in thy train a place),
To mark thy various full-accompliſh'd mind;
To mark that ſpirit which, with Britiſh ſcorn,
Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power;
That elegant politeneſs which excels,
Even in the judgment of preſumptuous France,
The boaſted manners of her ſhining court;
That wit, the vivid energy of ſenſe,
The truth of Nature, which, with Attic point,
And kind well-temper'd ſatire, ſmoothly keen,
Steals thro' the ſoul, and without pain corrects:
Or, riſing thence with yet a brighter flame,

* A character in the Conſcious Lovers, written by Sir Richard Steele.

O let me hail thee on ſome glorious day,
When to the liſtening Senate, ardent, crowd
Britannia's ſons to hear her pleaded cauſe,
Then dreſt by thee, more amiably fair,
Truth the ſoft robe of mild Perſuaſion wears;
Thou to aſſenting Reaſon giv'ſt again
Her own enlighten'd thoughts; call'd from the heart,
Th' obedient Paſſions on thy voice attend;
And even reluctant Party feels a while
Thy gracious power, as thro' the varied maze
Of eloquence, now ſmooth, now quick, now ſtrong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.
  To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muſe;
For now, behold, the joyous Winter-days,
Froſty, ſucceed, and thro' the blue ſerene,
For ſight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies,
Killing infectious damps, and the ſpent air
Storing afreſh with elemental life.
Cloſe crowds the ſhining atmoſphere, and binds
Our ſtrengthened bodies in its cold embrace,
Conſtringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
Refines our ſpirits, thro' the new-ſtrung nerves
In ſwifter ſallies darting to the brain,
Where ſits the Soul, intenſe, collected, cool,
Bright as the ſkies, and as the ſeaſon keen.
All Nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtleſs eye
In ruin ſeen. The froſt-concocted glebe

Draws in abundant vegetable ſoul,
And gathers vigour for the coming year.
A ſtronger glow ſits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy Fire; and luculent along
The purer rivers flow; their ſullen deeps,
Tranſparent, open to the ſhepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarſer at the fixing froſt.
  What art thou, Froſt! and whence are thy keen ſtores
Deriv'd, thou ſecret, all-invading Power,
Whom even th' illuſive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unſeen,
Myriads of little ſalts, or hook'd, or ſhap'd
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immenſe
Thro' water, earth, and ether? hence at eve,
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
With the fierce rage of Winter deep ſuffus'd,
An icy gale, oft' ſhifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arreſts the bickering ſtream. The looſened ice,
Let down the flood, and half diſſolv'd by day,
Ruſtles no more, but to the ſedgy bank
Faſt grows, or gathers round the pointed ſtone,
A cryſtal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm, till, ſeiz'd from ſhore to ſhore,
The whole impriſon'd river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noiſe, while, at his evening watch,
The village-dog deters the nightly thief:

The heifer lows; the diſtant water-fall
Swells in the breeze; and, with the haſty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-ſounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds diſcloſing to the view,
Shines out intenſely keen; and, all one cope
Of ſtarry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls
Thro' the ſtill night, inceſſant, heavy, ſtrong,
And ſeizes Nature faſt. It freezes on,
Till Morn, late-riſing o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the ſilent Night;
Prone from the dripping eave and dumb caſcade,
Whoſe idle torrents only ſeem to roar,
The pendent icicle; the froſt-work fair,
Where tranſient hues and fancy'd figures riſe;
Wide-ſpouted o'er the hill the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold gleaming on the morn;
The foreſt bent beneath the plumy wave,
And by the froſt refin'd the whiter ſnow,
Incruſted hard, and ſounding to the tread
Of early ſhepherd, as he penſive ſeeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleas'd with the ſlippery ſurface, ſwift deſcends.
On blithſome frolics bent, the youthful ſwains,
While every work of Man is laid at reſt,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various ſport

And revelry diſſolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happieſt of all the train! the raptur'd boy
Laſhes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province ſwarming, void of care,
Batavia ruſhes forth, and as they ſweep,
On ſounding ſkates, a thouſand different ways,
In circling poiſe, ſwift as the winds, along,
The then gay land is maddened all to joy.
Nor leſs the northern courts, wide o'er the ſnow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid ſleds,
Their vigorous youth, in bold contention, wheel
The long-reſounding courſe. Mean time, to raiſe
The manly ſtrife, with highly-blooming charms,
Fluſh'd by the ſeaſon, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Ruſſia's buxom daughters, glow around.

Pure, quick, and ſportful, is the wholeſome day,
But ſoon elaps'd. The horizontal ſun,
Broad o'er the South, hangs at his utmoſt noon,
And, ineffectual, ſtrikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloſs the mountain ſtill maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray;
Or from the foreſt falls the cluſtered ſnow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay-twinkle as they ſcatter. Thick around
Thunders the ſport of thoſe who, with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the ſhot,

Worſe than the ſeaſon deſolate the fields,
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Diſtreſs the footed or the feathered game.
But what is this? Our infant Winter ſinks,
Diveſted of his grandeur, ſhould our eye
Aſtoniſh'd ſhoot into the Frigid zone,
Where, for relentleſs months, continual Night
Holds o'er the glittering waſte her ſtarry reign.
There, thro' the priſon of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from eſcape,
Wide roams the Ruſſian exile. Nought around
Strikes his ſad eye, but deſerts loſt in ſnow,
And heavy-loaded groves, and ſolid floods,
That ſtretch, athwart the ſolitary vaſt,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main,
And cheerleſs towns far-diſtant, never bleſs'd,
Save when its annual courſe the caravan
Bends to the golden coaſt of rich Cathay *,
With news of human-kind: yet there life glows;
Yet, cheriſh'd there, beneath the ſhining waſte,
The furry nations harbour: tipt with jet
Fair ermines, ſpotleſs as the ſnows they preſs,
Sables of gloſſy black; and dark-embrown'd,
Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue,
Thouſands beſides, the coſtly pride of courts.
There, warm together preſs'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fall'n ſnows; and, ſcarce his head

* The old name for China.

Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies ſlumb'ring, ſullen, in the white abyſs.
The ruthleſs hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,
Nor with the dread of ſounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
As weak againſt the mountain-heaps they puſh
Their beating breaſt in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on th' enſanguin'd ſnows,
And with loud ſhouts rejoicing bears them home.
There thro' the piny foreſt half-abſorpt,
Rough tenant of theſe ſhades, the ſhapeleſs bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, ſtalks forlorn;
Slow-pac'd, and ſourer as the ſtorms increaſe,
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And, with ſtern patience, ſcorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart againſt aſſailing want.
Wide o'er the ſpacious regions of the North,
That ſee Boötes urge his trady wain,
A boiſterous race, by froſty Caurus * pierc'd,
Who little pleaſure know, and fear no pain,
Prolific ſwarm. They once relum'd the flame
Of loſt mankind in poliſh'd ſlavery ſunk,
Drove martial horde on horde †, with dreadful ſweep
Reſiſtleſs ruſhing o'er th' enfeebled South,
And gave the vanquiſh'd world another form.
Not ſuch the ſons of Lapland; wiſely they

* The North-weſt wind.
† The wandering Scythian clans.

Deſpiſe th' inſenſate barbarous trade of war;
They aſk no more than ſimple Nature gives;
They love their mountains and enjoy their ſtorms.
No falſe deſires, no pride-created wants,
Diſturb the peaceful current of their time;
And thro' the reſtleſs ever-tortur'd maze
Of pleaſure, or ambition, bid it rage.
Their rein-deer form their riches: theſe their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth,
Supply, their wholeſome fare, and cheerful cups.
Obſequious at their call the docile tribe
Yield to the ſled their necks, and whirl them ſwift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanſe
Of marbled ſnow, as far as eye can ſweep,
With a blue cruſt of ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaſeleſs ſhake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
And vivid moons, and ſtars that keener play
With doubled luſtre from the gloſſy waſte,
Even in the depth of Polar Night, they find
A wondrous day; enough to light the chaſe,
Or guide their darting ſteps to Finland fairs.
Wiſh'd Spring returns, and from the hazy South,
While dim Aurora ſlowly moves before,
The welcome ſun, juſt verging up at firſt,
By ſmall degrees extends the ſwelling curve,
Till ſeen at laſt for gay rejoicing months,
Still round and round his ſpiral courſe he winds,

And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again, and reaſcends the ſky.
In that glad ſeaſon from the lakes and floods
Where pure Niemi's * fairy-mountains riſe,
And fring'd with roſes, Tenglio † rolls his ſtream,
They draw the copious fry. With theſe, at eve,
They, cheerful-loaded, to their tents repair,
Where, all day long in uſeful cares employ'd,
Their kind unblemiſh'd wives the fire prepare.
Thrice happy race! by poverty ſecur'd
From legal plunder and rapacious power;
In whom fell Intereſt never yet has ſown
The ſeeds of vice; whoſe ſpotleſs ſwains ne'er knew
Injurious deed, nor, blaſted by the breath
Of faithleſs Love, their blooming daughters woe.
  Still preſſing on beyond Tornêa's lake,
And Hecla flaming thro' a waſte of ſnow,
And fartheſt Greenland, to the Pole itſelf,
Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,
The Muſe expands her ſolitary flight,

* M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the figure of the earth, after having deſcribed the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi in Lapland, ſays,——"From this height we had opportunity ſeveral times to ſee thoſe vapours riſe from the lake which the "people of the country call Haltios, and which they deem to "be the guardian ſpirits of the mountains. We had been frighted "with ſtories of bears that haunted this place, but ſaw none. It "ſeemed rather a place of reſort for Fairies and Genii than "bears."

† The ſame author obſerves,——"I was ſurpriſed to ſee, upon "the banks of this river (the Tenglio), roſes of as lively a red as "any that are in our gardens."

And, hovering o'er the wild ſtupendous ſcene,
Beholds new ſeas beneath another ſky *.
Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court,
And thro' his airy hall the loud miſrule
Of driving Tempeſt is for ever heard:
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath,
Here arms his winds with all-ſubduing froſt,
Moulds his fierce hail, and treaſures up his ſnows,
With which he now oppreſſes half the globe.
   Thence winding eaſtward to the Tartar's coaſt,
She ſweeps the howling margin of the main,
Where undiſſolving, from the firſt of time,
Snows ſwell on ſnows amazing to the ſky,
And icy mountains, high on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the ſhivering ſailor from afar,
Shapeleſs and white, an atmoſphere of clouds.
Projected huge and horrid o'er the ſurge,
Alps frown on Alps, or ruſhing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide-rend the deep, and ſhake the ſolid pole.
Ocean itſelf no longer can reſiſt
The binding fury, but in all its rage
Of tempeſt taken by the boundleſs froſt,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanſe,
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerleſs, and void

* The other hemiſphere.

Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conſcious ſouthward. Miſerable they
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their laſt look of the deſcending ſun!
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold froſt,
The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's fate *,
As with firſt prow (what have not Britons dar'd!)
He for the paſſage ſought, attempted ſince
So much in vain, and ſeeming to be ſhut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
In theſe fell regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the ſtony deep his idle ſhip
Immediate ſeal'd, he with his hapleſs crew,
Each full exerted at his ſeveral taſk,
Froze into ſtatues; to the cordage glu'd
The ſailor, and the pilot to the helm.
Hard by theſe ſhores, where ſcarce his freezing ſtream
Rolls the wild Oby, live the laſt of men;
And, half-enlivened by the diſtant ſun,
That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,
Here human nature wears its rudeſt form.
Deep from the piercing ſeaſon ſunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
They waſte the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs
Doze the groſs race: nor ſprightly jeſt, nor ſong,

* Sir Hugh Willoughby, ſent by Queen Elizabeth to diſcover the North-eaſt paſſage.

Nor tenderneſs they know, nor aught of life
Beyond the kindred bears that ſtalk without.
Till Morn, at length, her roſes drooping all,
Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
And calls the quivered ſavage to the chaſe.
What cannot active government perform,
New-moulding Man? Wide-ſtretching from theſe
A people ſavage from remoteſt time, [ſhores,
A huge neglected empire, one vaſt Mind,
By Heaven inſpir'd, from Gothic darkneſs call'd.
Immortal Peter! firſt of Monarchs! he
His ſtubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her ſeas, her ill-ſubmitting ſons;
And while the fierce Barbarian he ſubdu'd,
To more exalted ſoul he rais'd the Man.
Ye Shades of ancient heroes! ye who toil'd
Thro' long ſucceſſive ages to build up
A labouring plan of ſtate, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchleſs prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd, till then,
A mighty ſhadow of unreal power;
Who greatly ſpurn'd the ſlothful pomp of courts,
And roaming every land, in every port
His ſceptre laid aſide, with glorious hand
Unweary'd plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the ſeeds of trade, of uſeful arts,
Of civil wiſdom, and of martial ſkill.
Charg'd with the ſtores of Europe home he goes!

Then cities riſe amid th' illumin'd waſte;
O'er joyleſs deſerts ſmiles the rural reign;
Far-diſtant flood to flood is ſocial join'd;
Th' aſtoniſh'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;
Proud navies ride on ſeas that never foam'd
With daring keel before, and armies ſtretch
Each way their dazzling files, repreſſing here
The frantic Alexander of the North,
And awing there ſtern Othman's ſhrinking ſons.
Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance and Vice,
Of old diſhonour proud: it glows around,
Taught by the Royal Hand that rous'd the whole,
One ſcene of arts, of arms, of riſing trade;
For what his wiſdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
More potent ſtill, his great example ſhew'd.
  Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow-bluſtering from the South. Subdu'd,
The froſt reſolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted the mountains ſhine, looſe ſleet deſcends,
And floods the country round. The rivers ſwell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thouſand ſnow-fed torrents ſhoot at once,
And, where they ruſh, the wide-reſounding-plain
Is left one ſlimy waſte. Thoſe ſullen ſeas,
That waſh'd th' ungenial Pole, will reſt no more
Beneath the ſhackles of the mighty North,
But, rouſing all their waves, reſiſtleſs heave.

And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep; at once it burfts,
And piles a thoufand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
That, tofs'd amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the fhelter of an icy ifle,
While night o'erwhelms the fea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
The affembled mifchiefs that befiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting wearinefs,
The roar of winds and waves, the crufh of ice,
Now ceafing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful fport,
Tempeft the loofened brine, while thro' the gloom,
Far from the bleak inhofpitable fhore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famifh'd monfters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet Providence, that ever-waking Eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals loft to hope, and lights them fafe
Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of Fate.

'Tis done! dread Winter fpreads his lateft glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His defolate domain. Behold, fond Man!

See here thy pictur'd life ; paſs ſome few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent ſtrength,
Thy ſober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at laſt,
And ſhuts the ſcene. Ah ! whither now are fled
Thoſe dreams of greatneſs ? thoſe unſolid hopes
Of happineſs ? thoſe longings after fame ?
Thoſe reſtleſs cares ? thoſe buſy buſtling days ?
Thoſe gay-ſpent, feſtive nights? thoſe veering thoughts,
Loſt between good and ill, that ſhar'd thy life ?
All now are vaniſh'd ! Virtue ſole ſurvives,
Immortal never-failing friend of Man,
His guide to happineſs on high. And ſee !
'Tis come, the glorious Morn ! the ſecond birth
Of heaven and earth ! awakening Nature hears
The new-creating Word, and ſtarts to life,
In every heightened form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal ſcheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the proſpect wider ſpreads,
To Reaſon's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly Wiſe ! ye blind Preſumptuous! now,
Confounded in the duſt, adore that Power
And Wiſdom oft' arraign'd ; ſee now the cauſe
Why unaſſuming Worth in ſecret liv'd,
And dy'd neglected ; why the good man's ſhare
In life was gall and bitterneſs of ſoul ;
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd

In ſtarving ſolitude; while Luxury,
In palaces, lay ſtraining her low thought,
To form unreal wants; why heaven-born Truth,
And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of Superſtition's ſcourge; why licens'd Pain,
That cruel ſpoiler, that emboſom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliſs. Ye Good diſtreſt!
Ye noble Few! who here unbending ſtand
Beneath life's preſſure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only ſaw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
The ſtorms of Wintry Time will quickly paſs,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

A HYMN.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father! theſe
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleaſing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderneſs and love.
Wide fluſh the fields; the ſoftening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the foreſt ſmiles;
And every ſenſe, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy ſun
Shoots full perfection thro' the ſwelling year;
And oft' Thy voice in dreadful thunder ſpeaks;
And oft' at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whiſpering gales,
Thy bounty ſhines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And ſpreads a common feaſt for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and ſtorms
Around Thee thrown! tempeſt o'er tempeſt roll'd!
Majeſtic darkneſs! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding ſublime, Thou bidſt the world adore,
And humbleſt Nature with thy northern blaſt.
  Myſterious round! what ſkill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in theſe appear! a ſimple train,
Yet ſo delightful mix'd with ſuch kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd,

Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade,
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That as they still succeed they ravish still.
But wandering oft', with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres,
Works in the secret deep, shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring!
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day,
Feeds every creature, hurls the tempest forth,
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
  Nature, attend! join every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join, and, ardent, raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal Gales!
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh talk of him in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And Ye! whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye Brooks! attune, ye trembling Rills!
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong Torrents! rapid and profound;
Ye softer Floods! that lead the humid maze
Along the vail: and thou, majestic Main!

A fecret world of wonders in thyfelf,
Sound His ftupendous praife, whofe greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incenfe, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds, to Him, whofe fun exalts,
Whofe breath perfumes you, and whofe pencil paints
Ye Forefts! bend; ye Harvefts! wave to Him;
Breathe your ftill fong into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon,
Ye that keep watch in heaven! as earth afleep
Unconfcious lies; effufe your mildeft beams,
Ye Conftellations! while your angels ftrike,
Amid the fpangled fky, the filver lyre.
Great Source of day! beft image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round;
On Nature write, with every beam, his praife.
The thunder rolls: be hufh'd the proftrate World,
While cloud to cloud returns the folemn hymn.
Bleat out afrefh, ye Hills! ye moffy Rocks!
Retain the found: the broad refponfive low,
Ye Vallies! raife, for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And his unfuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye Woodlands all! awake; a boundlefs fong
Burft from the groves; and when the reftlefs day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world afleep,
Sweeteft of birds! fweet Philomela! charm

The liſtening ſhades, and teach the night His praiſe.
Ye, chief, for whom the whole creation ſmiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn. In ſwarming cities vaſt,
Aſſembled Men! to the deep organ join.
The long-reſounding voice, oft' breaking clear,
At ſolemn pauſes, thro' the ſwelling baſe,
And as each mingling flame increaſes each,
In one united ardour riſe to heaven.
Or if you rather chuſe the rural ſhade,
And find a fane in every ſacred grove,
There let the ſhepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting ſeraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still ſing the God of Seaſons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the bloſſom blows, the Summer-ray
Ruſſets the plain, inſpiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter riſes in the blackening Eaſt,
Be my tongue mute, may Fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
Should Fate command me to the fartheſt verge
Of the green earth, to diſtant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to ſong, where firſt the ſun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his ſetting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic iſles, 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever preſent, ever felt,
In the void waſte as in the city full!

And where he vital breathes there muſt be joy.
When even at laſt the ſolemn hour ſhall come,
And wing my myſtic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there with new powers
Will riſing wonders ſing. I cannot go
Where Univerſal Love not ſmiles around,
Suſtaining all yon' orbs, and all their ſons,
From ſeeming evil ſtill educing good,
And better thence again, and better ſtill,
In infinite progreſſion. But I loſe
Myſelf in Him, in Light Ineffable;
Come then, expreſſive Silence! muſe His praiſe.

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MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL, THE TANJORE

END OF VOLUME FIRST.